

# THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXXXVIII

## CONTENTS

I. A Visit to the Grand Fleet. <i>By Archibald Hurd</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	195
II. Women's Industry After the War. <i>By N. Adler</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	207
III. Barbara Lynn. Chapter IV. The Shield of Achilles. <i>By Emily Jenkinson.</i> (To be continued.)		213
IV. Switzerland in War Time. <i>By Arnold Lunn</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	219
V. The Metaphysic of Life. <i>By Anselm Wood</i>	BRITISH REVIEW	227
VI. God's Hill. <i>By Hilton Brown</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	232
VII. A Chat with Scylla and Charybdis	PUNCH	242
VIII. The Position of the United States. <i>By J. Ellis Barker</i>	OUTLOOK	244
IX. Serbia's Thermopylae	SATURDAY REVIEW	247
X. Close Quarters	SPECTATOR	249
XI. The Decay of Pantomime. <i>By T. Michael Pope</i>	NEW WITNESS	251
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XII. He Is Dead Who Will Not Fight. <i>By Julian Grenfell</i>		194
XIII. In Flanders Fields	PUNCH	194
XIV. As Ghosts May Walk. <i>By R. L. Gales</i>	BRITISH REVIEW	194
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		253



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

### HE IS DEAD WHO WILL NOT FIGHT.

The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting  
trees

Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze;  
And Life is Color and Warmth and  
Light,

And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glow-  
ing earth;

Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother,  
brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy-of-Battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him  
blind.

Through joy and blindness, he shall  
know,

Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and  
sings;

But Day shall clasp him with strong  
hands,

And Night shall fold him in soft  
wings.

*Julian Grenfell.*

### IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.  
Punch.

### AS GHOSTS MAY WALK.

As ghosts may walk on August nights  
Of lavender and dew,  
As ghosts may walk at Peacock Place  
Through alleys of clipped yew,  
As ghosts may walk in Picardy  
The sleeping streets of Rue.

As ghosts may walk where in old days  
They made so much ado,  
As ghosts may walk that know no pain,  
Dear love, I tell you true,  
As ghosts may walk, go up and down  
My quiet thoughts of you.

*R. L. Gales.*

*The British Review.*

## A VISIT TO THE GRAND FLEET.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Prov. 29, 18.

"Mahanism or Moltkeism?—that is the question!"—*Berliner Tageblatt*.

"We have always been behind-hand in this war."—The First Lord of the Admiralty, House of Commons, November 11th, 1915.

"Through long delays the enemy has seized a new initiative in the Near East, and the Oriental inclination of his war policy raises new perils of peculiar significance to us. Hazardous struggles, vast expenses, hard privations lie before us. Courage! All's well with the Fleet."—Mr. Winston Churchill in a message to the Navy League on Trafalgar Day.

As a nation our position somewhat resembles that of an athletic enthusiast who, knowing little of his anatomy or Swedish drill, practises exhausting exercises, straining the wrong muscles and endangering his health and well being. The situation of this country is, consequently, not without its dangers, but the eventual outcome is in no possible doubt. We are the greatest of all the Powers of the world; if we have not the greatest government, at least there is no alternative. The Empire is securely anchored in the sea; from the inexhaustible resources of the sea we are drawing our strength. There is no ground for pessimism. Pessimism is a crime when we confront determined, well-informed, and highly-organized enemies. Pessimism atrophies the mind, saps the energy, dispirits the nation, and encourages the foes. We must preserve the will to win. If the people of this country (with their rulers) could obtain a vision of what has been done and the greater things which can still be done by the aid of sea power, there would be no feeling of depression, but we should be full of confidence, and that confidence would be shared by the Allies and neutrals to our advantage.

That is the conviction that seizes one on visiting the Grand Fleet, hidden amidst the mists and storms of the North Sea. It has been described as "our sure shield"; it might the better be styled "our incomparable thunderbolt," provided we always preserved behind it an Expeditionary Force of 150,000 to 200,000 men, fully equipped and prepared for instant embarkation, to be launched at any point where the enemy develops weakness, another force being made ready when one is dispatched. The Grand Fleet and the Grand Army are parts of one whole; they constitute one engine of defense and offense.

The Grand Fleet is not the instrument of a weak Power on the defensive—timid, distracted, and confused; it is the weapon of offense of a people who rule nearly one-quarter of the earth's surface, and, as a consequence of successful initiative on the outbreak of war, hold all the world's seas at their command. You must pass in rapid survey the battleships, battle-cruisers, scout cruisers and destroyers under the orders of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe to understand the source of England's greatness; you must watch the operations of some of the 2,300 patrol vessels, mine-sweepers, and other auxiliaries which are the antennæ of the Grand Fleet, if the Navy's ceaseless activity is to be appreciated; you must have some knowledge of the movements of the 2,000 transports and supply ships if you would plumb the naval resources of this country; you must comprehend what it means to carry by sea, in face of the foe, 2,500,000 officers and men, besides 320,000 sick and wounded and nurses, 2,500,000 tons of stores and ammunition, and 800,000 horses, mules, and camels if you would realize the extraneous work which has been done under the protection of the Fleet. We are not pigmies, but

giants, and the Grand Fleet and its extensions constitute a giant's weapon.

It would take a surgical operation to convince an average Englishman that he is a citizen of a country which is not only supreme in industry, commerce and finance, but supreme in the elements of warlike action, if wisely directed. A visit to the Grand Fleet might dispel to a limited degree the darkness of his mental outlook, but within twenty-four hours such a man who owes everything to the sea, would probably be shaking his head dolefully and declaring to his friends: "Yes, we have splendid ships, but too few soldiers; our ships, as the late Lord Salisbury once said, cannot climb Mount Ararat, nor can they drive the Germans back to the Rhine, or defeat them in the Balkans." That is just where the error creeps in. There is hardly anything which our men-of-war with the support of a comparatively small expeditionary Force—in accordance with our peace routine—cannot do, and the tragedy is that neither the nation, nor perhaps even the Government, realizes the character of the offensive weapon which lies to our hands in the British Navy.

What is the consequence? We accept the Fleet as a matter of course and look upon it much as a Crusader in the old days regarded his chain armor. To the average man our naval power is merely a means of defense—and not of offense, except in a strictly limited sense. He regards the Navy's mission as a weapon of offense as practically closed. It sank Germany's cruisers, drove German commerce off the sea, captured, or frightened into port, all German merchant ships, and is now besieging the Central Powers as countries have never before been besieged. The Navy, it is argued, has merely to continue this passive policy and it is doing all that is required of it. This attitude of mind is reflected in the

street, in Parliament, and in the Cabinet. The reader of the daily newspaper is impressed day by day with the fortunes, or misfortunes, of our troops in the various theatres of war; Parliament busies itself in the discussion of diplomatic, financial, and army policy; the Cabinet of a maritime country includes among its members only one expert, and he is not an admiral of the fleet, but a field-marshal.\* What a change in a hundred years! During the period of our greatest naval glory, the Navy had its representative in the Cabinet as the supreme exponent of the policy of a nation drawing its powers from the sea. From February 19th, 1801, to May 15th, 1804, the great St. Vincent was First Lord, not First Sea Lord, of the Admiralty. Then came an interregnum of a year with a civilian as First Lord; Lord Melville's period of office culminated in his impeachment and disappearance from public life; that is a time upon which Englishmen can look back with little pleasure. Pitt, no mean judge of men, replaced Lord Melville on May 2d, 1805, by Admiral Lord Barham (eighty years old), a man of virile character, great industry, and wide experience; in the following October, largely owing to this officer's wise direction of naval affairs and Lord St. Vincent's forceful administration in the earlier period, Nelson won for us at Trafalgar a hundred years of peace afloat. The order then was age and experience and quick decision in the council chamber; dash, courage, and youth at sea; Nelson was only forty-seven when he died. From the misconception which exists today in all ranks of the nation of the basis of our strength has flowed the disappointment which has tended to create a feeling of depression. We are forgetting the Navy and its mission.

\* Lord Kitchener, it should be added, in raising and equipping the new armies, has done what probably no other man in any time or any country could have done. He well deserves the gratitude of the nation.



A visitor to the Grand Fleet is struck by its youthfulness, its mobility, its size, and the extent of the influence which it is exerting. Probably there was never a naval force manned and officered by men so comparatively young. The vast assembly of skillfully co-ordinated vessels of various types is under the supreme orders of an officer who is only fifty-six years of age, and he sets the age standard of the whole force. When the Fleet was last engaged in warlike operations of any importance it was commanded by old men, legacies from a great past. At that period the block in promotion was almost at its worst.

In the earlier part of that year (1841) all the captains at the head of the list were men who had held post-rank ever since the year after Trafalgar. The senior one of them, judged by the date of his commission as captain, was about sixty-eight years of age; several were over seventy; and one, at least, was as much as seventy-eight. Yet it was from among these old gentlemen that the list of Admirals had to be recruited; for then, as now, promotion to flag rank went by simple seniority; and, to make matters worse, there was at that time no regular scheme of retirement for officers of above the rank of Commander.

The consequence was that almost all the Admirals, besides a large number of Captains, were too old to be in a condition to render effective service in their profession; and the political caricaturist was justified, a little later, in representing the typical Commander-in-Chief of the period as a gouty veteran, obliged to promenade his quarter-deck in a bath-chair. Both Sir John Chambers White and Vice-Admiral Edward Harvey were seventy-four when they took up command at the Nore; Admiral Bowles was seventy-nine when he became Port-Admiral at Portsmouth; Sir David Milne was of the same age when he assumed the like office at Devonport; and even on foreign stations Sir Robert Stopford flew his flag

at seventy-three, Sir Peter Halkett at seventy-two, Rear-Admiral Charles John Austen at seventy-three, and Lord Dundonald at seventy-five.

And, in spite of such facilities as existed in 1841 for the retirement of officers of less rank than that of Post-Captain, the active lists were all choked throughout with old officers, survivors of the French wars. Of this category there were about 200 Commanders and 1,450 Lieutenants who had received no promotion whatsoever for a period of twenty-six years or more. One officer had been a Commander for forty-seven years; another had been a Lieutenant for sixty years; yet another had been a Master for sixty-one years; and there was a Purser with sixty-four years' service in that rank to his credit. All these officers, however, were set down in the Navy List as being fit for service.\*

The Crimean War found the Fleet under the orders of officers well advanced in years. Admiral Sir Charles Napier was sixty-eight, and Vice-Admiral Dundas a year older; while Sir Edmund Lyons, though only a Rear-Admiral, was sixty-four, and Rear-Admirals David Price and Henry D. Chads were sixty-four and sixty-six respectively. We may be thankful that when the war cloud burst in August, 1914, reforms had been introduced which gave the Navy officers supple alike in body and mind.

By a fortunate circumstance in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the present hostilities, it was realized that war at sea could be conducted successfully only by men in their prime, physically and mentally. At the instigation of Lord Fisher, new regulations were passed for retirement for age or non-employment; they had the effect of gradually reducing the seniority of all officers in active employment. While in this respect we may have no advantage over the Germans, who have always pinned their

\* "Social England," vi. 14.

faith to young officers for actual sea service and older officers for the direction of naval policy ashore, it is undoubted that we never began a naval war with youth so conspicuously at the prow. Indeed, if war there had to be, the Germans could not have chosen a more propitious moment so far as the British Navy was concerned. Since hostilities opened, we have gained the full advantage from a corps of officers trained in the old sea school and yet readily responding to the demands of this mechanical age; we have also benefited by our system of long service training for lower deck ratings. The German Navy provided a marked contrast. When war broke out, apart from volunteers, who were not very numerous, the German ships were manned by conscripts who had spent either nine months, one year and nine months, or two years and nine months in the Fleet.

The Grand Fleet in all its strength, is manned by men with the sea instinct, who make the sea their profession instead of their naval service being a mere three years' interlude. "The service and training of every man in the British Fleet average at least twice and probably three times as great as that of the *personnel* of any other navy in the world."\* In naval affairs, as in others, training and experience tell. Throughout the month during which the Germans have been prevented from cruising, the various divisions of the Grand Fleet, in spite of submarines and mines, have been constantly at sea in all weathers. The British Navy is more of a sea force than it was when the war began; the German Navy must be less of a sea force than it was. This has been the inevitable result of the silent victory which was achieved by the Grand Fleet on August 3d of last year. While it enabled us to use our military power with dramatic effect

against the enemy, it also contributed to raise the standard of our naval efficiency and depress the standard of Germany's naval efficiency. That victory gave us all the sea room which the oceans of the world offer; it imprisoned Germany within an area of water not much larger than a lake.

Our ships are even younger than the officers and men. That is a complete reversal of the conditions which existed during the Trafalgar period. The ships which fought at Trafalgar were, in the main, old ships. There is not a vessel in the Grand Fleet half the age of Nelson's flagship when she went into action. Not a ship of any account belongs to that period anterior to the dawn of the present century. The ships that count most have been built during the past ten years. That statement applies to the battle line, and still more to the light cruisers and destroyers. There is a general impression that because shipbuilding was active from 1909 onwards the nation invested in the Grand Fleet a colossal sum of money. That is a complete misapprehension. Down to March 31st, 1914, the total sum spent in the building of the combatant ships of the whole Royal Navy, including incidental charges, amounted to only £174,000,000, and, of course, all these vessels are not incorporated in the Grand Fleet, and some of the older ones have been lost. Indeed, if we would arrive at an estimate of the cost of the vessels under the command of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, we may safely assume that the entire amount invested in the Grand Fleet does not exceed £150,000,000. That sum appears paltry now in contrast with an expenditure of £1,500,000,000 on the prosecution of the war for twelve months. Yet the Grand Fleet controls the fortunes not merely of this country, but of the Allies.

The day is past when we are permitted to know exactly what is the strength of

\* First Lord of the Admiralty, House of Commons, March 26th, 1913.

174  
2  
770

the Grand Fleet. We must be content with such information as it is certain that the enemy possesses; that is, information contained in official publications, such as Hansard, equally available to ourselves and to the Germans. The Admiralty, in order to satisfy public opinion in the months preceding the war, embarked on forecasts of the number of Dreadnoughts which would be possessed by this country and Germany at certain dates then in the future; on the opening of the war it was also announced that three battleships then completing in this country to foreign orders had been acquired, increasing the British total by three. Consequently, combining the Admiralty forecast with this subsequent revelation of added strength, assuming that the progress of shipbuilding on both sides of the North Sea had been at least not less rapid than was anticipated, and making allowance also for the enemy's loss of the battle cruiser *Goeben*, we obtain the following figures as to the standing of the two navies in the most modern and powerful types of the ships of the line:—

	Britain	Germany
1915—Fourth quarter....	44	22
1916—First quarter.....	47	22
1916—Second quarter....	47	25
1916—Third quarter....	47	25
1916—Fourth quarter....	49	25
1917—First quarter.....	51	25

These figures must not be accepted as an absolute guide to the relative strength of the two navies confronting each other in the North Sea, because the naval war is being conducted behind a veil,\* but they are of interest as conveying a general impression of the immense superiority of the British over the German battle line in ships of the most modern types.

When the question is asked: "Will there ever be a battle in the North Sea

on a grand scale?" the disproportion in strength may be borne in mind. It may also be remembered that in length of service, training, and consequently, familiarity with sea conditions, the British naval *personnel* is far superior to that of the enemy. Moreover, since the war began, the British Fleet in successive actions has asserted a moral ascendancy over the Germans. It is impossible to say that the desire of the Grand Fleet to come to grips with Admiral von Pohl's force will never be realized, but it must be apparent that the probability of an encounter is not great. On the other hand, a complete change has taken place in the administration and direction of Germany's naval forces. Admiral von Tirpitz has disappeared—at least for the time—from the Marineamt; Admiral Bachman has been succeeded as Chief of the War Staff by Admiral von Holtzendorff, with Rear-Admiral von Koch in place of Rear-Admiral Beneke as his chief assistant; Admiral von Pohl has taken the place of Admiral Ingenohl in supreme command of the High Sea Fleet. We have yet to learn what these new brooms will do, confronted with forces greatly superior in every respect to those under their control. It is quite possible that these officers will endeavor to justify their appointments.

A visitor to the Grand Fleet is also impressed by the mobility of the naval force. One sees the *Inflexible* and *Invincible*, first heard of after the opening of the war off the Falkland Islands and then appearing in the *Ægean* Sea; there also are the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Agamemnon* and other battleships, which only the other day were co-operating in the task—hopeless as it turned out without military support—of forcing the Dardanelles; there also is the *Australia* (with her sister-ship the *New Zealand*) which in the early days of hostilities was in the Far Pacific. One

\* It is believed, for instance, that the battle cruiser (Dreadnought) *Von der Tann* has been lost by the enemy.

obtains, on viewing the Grand Fleet, a new conception of its world mission. There has never before been an influence so wide and so all-embracing. On any map the secret places of the Grand Fleet are mere dots, just pin-heads; from them radiates a constrictive and offensive power against the enemy which encircles the globe like "wireless waves."

The Empire's great naval strength has been concentrated in the Grand Fleet. The glory of the race is the recognition by our kith and kin overseas of the strategic principle which lies at the basis of Imperial safety and which has given the Grand Fleet its Imperial character. As has been recalled elsewhere,\* children used to be told that if they dug a hole anywhere in the British Isles and went on digging and digging they would eventually come out somewhere near Australia or New Zealand. Yet these people who live at the Antipodes, underneath our feet, so to speak, and separated from us by several thousand miles of trackless ocean—with problems and dangers of their own—have sent their ships to share with British ships the bleak fortunes of the North Sea in winter. When they are asked where their main defense on the sea is to be seen, the inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand must point to the ground and remark: "Our ships are underneath there somewhere; we have sent them away." It is a miracle. Men who could do such an act are no ordinary men; they are statesmen, fit statesmen, of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The battle cruisers, paid for by their money and manned in part by men of their blood, are in the North Sea in obedience to a great principle. These kinsmen had the prescience to accept it. The vessels are not there to guard the British Isles or shipping in home waters; they are there—in the North Sea—to guard New Zealand, Australia, and all the

interests of the British people "down under" and elsewhere. That is maritime strategy *in excelsis*. "The advantage of time and place in all martial actions," Drake once declared to Queen Elizabeth, "is half a victory." At the right time these ships are in the right place.

In our pride in our armies—and we may well be proud of them!—we are apt to overlook our squadrons. We have permitted ourselves to be regarded as a Power on the same plane as our Allies—France, Russia, and Italy. Our policy has been subordinated to their policy, and thus we have suffered, and are still suffering. We have elevated the soldier to a pinnacle and forgotten, in some measure at least, the sailor and his long, vigorous, secretly moving arm; we have become the slaves of land strategy instead of the masterful exponents of maritime strategy, which controls the whole situation for the Allies. Because of the Fleet we stand today head and shoulders above all other nations engaged in war; we should lead in strategy and not follow. German hatred against us has reached such heights of frenzy because the arch-enemy realizes that the British Fleet holds the key of triumph for the Allies.

Have we the courage to use it? We have had it in our power from the very opening of the war to dictate policy and not to accept it at the hands of others. The strategy which should be adopted by a maritime Power was illustrated when the Expeditionary Force was dramatically thrown across the Channel in all secrecy; it was instrumental in saving France. It was again illustrated when men were landed at Antwerp, but the movement was made on a petty scale and it was made too late. It was again illustrated—and successfully illustrated—when the enemy was taken by surprise by a small force from India which was landed on the shores of the Persian Gulf. It

\* *Daily Telegraph*, November 1st, 1915.



was again illustrated when a few guns and men were sent into Serbia, but this movement again was made on an insignificant scale, whereas if at that time or even later—when we had troops at our disposal—100,000 or 200,000 men had been thrust into the heart of the Balkans to support Serbia, the whole course of the war might have been changed.\* It was further illustrated when the Dardanelles scheme was initiated, but the operation, unfortunately, was confined to the navy alone, and undertaken without adequate military support. In each of these cases the strategic principle was sound. It was based upon our command of the sea which embraces the element of strategic surprise, the possession of victorious sea power.

Only when one stands on board some long, lean destroyer as she passes down the lines of a section of the Grand Fleet does one realize the overwhelming and marvelous power which resides in our ships of war. Naval conditions have changed, and changed dramatically and to our advantage, since we were last engaged in hostilities on a grand scale. Armies today move little swifter and with less secrecy than they moved a century ago. Navies not only move with startling rapidity, but they can traverse the seas without the enemy being aware of the fact. Take the events which preceded the battle off the Falkland Islands, when Admiral von Spee's squadron was practically annihilated. On November 1st, 1914, the German Admiral, having concentrated under his command every available ship, met the squadron of Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock off Coronel. The British force was hopelessly inferior in gun power and manœuvring ability; the

German Admiral had under his orders the best shooting ships of the enemy's fleet. Admiral Cradock made a gallant defense and went down with his flagship, the armored cruiser *Good Hope*. The *Monmouth* was also sunk. That disaster occurred on November 1st. Two days before Lord Fisher, the father of the battle cruiser design and the creator of the Grand Fleet, had taken up the position of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. On November 11th the battle cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible* slipped away from England. No one knew, but the First Sea Lord had had a vision. Those two great ships were at sea pursuing the plans laid down by the Admiralty for nearly a month and the enemy remained unaware of their movements. They reached Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands on December 7th. On the following morning, Admiral von Spee, without knowledge of the concentration which the Admiralty had effected, approached. Before sunset the whole of his squadron, except the *Dresden*—she met her fate later on—had been sunk, the British force suffering comparatively slight losses. History records no more remarkable illustration of the element of strategic surprise which resides in victorious sea power. If the Falkland Islands had been a strategic base in the possession of the Germans, the British men-of-war could as easily as not have convoyed half-a-dozen transports for its subjugation. The armada could have passed, quietly and swiftly, from England to the South Atlantic without a whisper of the movement reaching either the German naval base in Berlin or the German authorities in the Falkland Islands. But the incident as it stands is a consummate example of the swiftness and secrecy with which sea power, alone or reinforced by land power, according to circumstances, can strike an enemy which has lost command of the sea.

\* It is now revealed that in April last the treachery of King Ferdinand was foreseen. Serbia wished to take the offensive before the Bulgarian Army was mobilized. We were committed in the summer to holding a lengthened line in France, and military assistance was then denied, which in November—too late to place the enemy at a disadvantage—we hurriedly furnished.

The remarkable thing is that this victorious action produced apparently little or no impression upon those responsible for British strategic policy. It failed to convey to their minds an adequate conception of the increased strategic power which has come to us as a direct result of the change from sails to steam. And yet hardly a day passes but some incident occurs which should act as a reminder of the effects which flow from the introduction of the marine steam engine, and particularly the smooth-running turbine. Within the past few weeks a dramatic incident has been reported reminiscent of the difficulties with which great sailors of the past had to contend. The American four-masted ship *Frederick Duggan* was towed into Queenstown Harbor battered and torn after fighting fierce Atlantic storms for eighty-four days on end in a vain endeavor to reach Philadelphia with her cargo of china clay, which she had taken on board at Fowey. Almost from the outset of the voyage she met with furious gales. After many days of struggle the vessel got as far west as Long. 38, when she experienced another storm of greater severity than any previously encountered. The sails were blown into ribbons, and enormous seas swept the decks, filling the cabins and fore-castle, and doing damage about the decks. Owing to the pitching and rolling the ship was strained and the decks began to leak; the crew had to work day and night at the pumps. Seamen were injured. Worn out by unceasing labor and exposure, and no headway being possible against the fury of the storm, Captain Hansen was obliged to abandon his voyage, although nearly 2,000 miles west, and run before the gale with almost bare poles. When off the Irish coast he signaled for a tug to enable the vessel to reach Queenstown.

Such experiences were of frequent occurrence during the Revolutionary

and Napoleonic wars. In the sail era naval power was uncertain in its operations. Men-of-war were buffeted about upon the seas; it was always uncertain when a ship would reach any particular port in accordance with the strategic scheme in which her movements formed a link. Yet it was during these days that the foundations were laid of the Indian Empire by sea power; it was in this era, by means of sea power, that the British flag was planted in the Mediterranean, on the North American continent, and in the Antipodes. We gained an Empire by utilizing to the full the element of strategic surprise which sea power gives to its possessor.

It is too frequently forgotten that the English people began to found an oversea empire only when they had failed in all their efforts to establish a continental empire. At short range sea power is a feeble weapon; at long range owing to the increased element of surprise it confers, it is invincible. Down to the day when the loss of Calais occurred—it is said to have hastened the death of Queen Mary—every effort was concentrated upon plans for establishing British rule in France; it rested on short range sea power. We had command of the Channel, as we have it today, but the French always had early knowledge of our military movements. Once they realized the peril which threatened them, they were able to counter our military measures. Our efforts were lacking in the element of surprise and, at last, the British forces were driven further back until even Calais was lost.\* In this hour of humiliation, a British Empire based on sea power had its birth. It was realized that the British people possessed the instinct of sailors, giving them long reach for conquest, and that in the Fleet lay their military power and all other power. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher,

\* The Germans attempted to do the same and ignominiously failed.

and their companions exhibited the virtues of sea power. They advanced the British frontier. Spain—oversea Spain—was taken by surprise time and again. The English seamen made their appearance in the most unlikely places at the most unlikely times. Their nimbleness confused the Spanish dons. Far and wide they swept the seas in their small ships, and created a school of statesmen, whose faith was summed up in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh: "Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world and consequently the world itself." Faithful adherence to that principle has given us the Empire and has given us also the Grand Fleet which confronts the enemy today.

The seamen of the sail era, maybe, were no great students of history, but they did realize the peculiar value of the supreme weapon placed in their hands. They never forgot that a fleet enabled them to strike the enemy where and when he least expected a blow. Their attitude of mind, their outlook, is illustrated by a story of St. Vincent. In the autumn of 1798 he was at Gibraltar, and Minorca was to be seized. He placed the naval forces for the contemplated expedition under the command of Commodore Duckworth. The preparations were carried out secretly. Every effort was made to deceive the enemy. The troops under Sir Charles Stuart having arrived at Gibraltar and the squadron being provided with provisions and stores, the agent victualer waited upon Lord St. Vincent, who was staying at headquarters with General O'Hara, and, having reported that everything in his department was finished, was permitted to retire to rest in his house in Rosia Bay. Almost immediately afterwards the Town Major informed the General that a Spanish spy, from San Roque, had been discovered in the garrison, trying to ascer-

tain the destination of the expedition, and chiefly to find out for what length of voyage it had been victualed. He asked how the spy should be dealt with. The Governor's first impulse was to have him seized and imprisoned, but St. Vincent exclaimed: "Do not, my dear General, for the world disturb him. Let him go to whatever part of the garrison he wishes. It will be hard indeed if you and I do not only prove ourselves a match for a Spanish spy, but do not turn his visit to our good account."

Forthwith Lord St. Vincent sent post haste for Mr. Tucker, the agent victualer, who was found in bed after his hard day's work. He immediately proceeded to the presence of the Admiral and General. To his amazement, Lord St. Vincent confided to him that it was doubtful if the twelve months' provision prepared for the expedition, which was sailing on the following day, would be sufficient and that he had decided, therefore, to increase it to eighteen months. Mr. Tucker protested that there were not sufficient stores left. Lord St. Vincent pressed him as to what expedients could be adopted.

"There is a vessel in the Bay laden with flour," the agent replied. "Some sugar, raisins, and rice may probably be purchased on the Rock, and, with the remains of wine and biscuit in the naval stores and a supply of peas and pork from the Commissariat, this might suffice to carry out your wishes."

"Very good, sir! Let it be done the first thing in the morning."

In accordance with these plans it was decided to carry out Lord St. Vincent's policy—without any attempt at secrecy. At daylight the waterside at Gibraltar was the scene of great activity. Lord St. Vincent watched the embarkation of the additional stores, with one eye on the Spanish spy, who was furtively observing all the hurry and bustle. Gun after gun was fired to en-

force the signal to weigh, the Admiral constantly pressing for dispatch, and exclaiming that, if the fleet did not soon sail, they would lose the Levanter (easterly wind) then blowing, thus further strengthening the impression that the expedition was about to sail for the westward. By the close of day the fleet was under sail, and, completely deceived, the spy departed with his false information. The orders were to keep to the African shore, and no rendezvous was to be given out until off Ceuta and out of view of Gibraltar. By the following morning the wind had shifted to the west, and the whole fleet was out of sight. A month after the ships sailed St. Vincent received the news that Minorca had been taken without the loss of a single man. The Spanish authorities, misled by their spy, imagined that the fleet had left for some distant place in the west, after being filled up with a large store of provisions. And consequently, although the Spanish had plenty of troops at Barcelona, they sent no reinforcements to Minorca, being lulled into security by St. Vincent's manoeuvre.\* Thus did a great sailor of the past utilize sea power to achieve a strategic surprise.

A hundred years have passed, the days of wood and hemp have gone. We have ships of steel driven by steam engines. There is no uncertainty in their movements. An order being given for certain ships to be at a certain port at a certain time, the Higher Command can rest assured the ships will be there almost to the minute. They are no longer dependent on varying winds. They move from point to point on the world's seas with the same punctuality as an express train on one of our main lines. They not only move in adherence to a time-table, but they move swiftly. Increase of speed has contributed to

the element of strategic surprise. There was no period during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars when the enemy had not ships at sea to pick up news of the movements of our men of war. Today the enemy's flag is to be seen nowhere. Whatever agents he may have in the North Sea, he has no means of ascertaining how we are employing transports or other shipping in the outer seas. We possess, in fact, a weapon in the Fleet which is not only more powerful and of longer range, but infinitely more subtle, than any nation has before had at its command, and yet we accept it as though it were merely a defensive shield.

Reviewing the events of the past sixteen months, the nation has been devoutly thankful that when the war cloud burst it possessed an instrument of such unchallengeable strength as the Grand Fleet. It was a ready-made engine. A democracy always engaged in war at a disadvantage; the blessings of popular institutions become curses. A democratic system of government, with free debate in Parliament, free discussion in the Press, and free expressions of views in public meetings, is a serious handicap to any nation which confronts a people organized for war as the Germans were, and are still, organized. The first act of the German Government was to give its war staffs *carte blanche* and to muzzle the nation; today no one outside Germany knows what the staffs are planning or what the Germans think or how they are really faring. The administration first suppressed public opinion and then poisoned the mind of the nation by distorting incidents and facts in order to inflame the population. The whole of the inhabitants of Germany and Austria-Hungary became either absorbed on the outbreak of war in the military machine or practically dumb, and the elaborately devised organization designed to maintain public confidence

\* This anecdote, as here recorded, is related by Captain W. V. Anson in his admirable *Life of John Jervis, Lord St. Vincent*. (London: John Murray.)



came into operation. Every eventuality was foreseen, though most of the military calculations miscarried.

In this country the conditions were very different. We possessed no war staffs in the real sense of the term as Germans understand it. Under peace conditions democracy keeps the expert—naval and military—in a position of subordination. A democracy is ruled by argument, reason, or deception. It places its trust in a committee of politicians representing not the nation as a whole but a part of the nation, and the main business of this committee in normal times is so to manoeuvre as to retain the confidence of the electors and prevent them from transferring their suffrages from the "Ins" to the "Outs." Generally the system works well, as our history attests. We have flourished and grown fat under party government. But in war all the conditions are changed. The ordinary functions of government are, if not suspended, at least subordinated to the needs of war. The peace machinery is unsuited to the new conditions on sea and on land, because war is organized violence, and the methods to be employed are those not of the council chamber, debating the pros and cons of this policy or of that, and eventually reaching probably a compromise, but are more suggestive of the methods of the prize ring. When war comes, a democracy is suddenly confronted with new needs. It requires men of action. The cry is for admirals and generals, who, so long as peace reigned, were kept under restraint and represented not infrequently as fire-eaters and the enemies of the people. But though democracy raises its cry for men to fight its battles, it is unwilling at once to relinquish any of that freedom to which it has become accustomed. It wants discussion in Parliament, a free Press, and unrestricted liberty on the platform. In other words, it cries aloud for "glasshouse war"—the coun-

terpart of "glasshouse diplomacy."

The tendency is to pelt the censors, making the most of any slips they make, forgetful that in war—and particularly war as conducted by a sea Power—secrecy is the savior of lives and the talisman of victory. An attack on a Minister will often reveal more to the enemy and prove of greater service to the foe than the disclosure of some concrete fact. Whether or not "glasshouse diplomacy" be possible, it is certain that war—particularly the operations of a sea Power—which is not conducted in secrecy, with every recourse to deception so as to mislead the enemy, is war conducted under every possible disadvantage. The outstanding successes which we have obtained in the present struggle were planned and carried out in secrecy—without the knowledge of the nation. First, the Grand Fleet was mobilized and had already taken up its stations before either Parliament or people knew exactly what was happening. Secondly, the Expeditionary Force was thrown across the Channel without a word being said to Parliament or people. Those two events exercised, and are still exercising, a dominating influence over the enemy's plans. They were the fruits of the denial of the prerogatives of a democracy; they represented the element of strategic surprise.

When these two steps had been taken, the nation came face to face with the problem—How should it, a democracy, contribute to the victory of the Allies? The question was discussed by Mr. Lloyd George. "What service," he asked, "can Britain render?" His reply may well be recalled: "She can keep command of the seas for the Allies. She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. The third service which she can render is the main burden of financing the allied countries in their

necessary purchases for carrying on the war, and also help the Allies with the manufacture of munitions and the equipment of war." "Britain," the then Chancellor of the Exchequer declared, "can do the first, she can do the third, but she can only do the second within the limits if she is to do the first and the last." What has been our experience? We have about a million men in France, more men in Gallipoli, more men in the Balkans, and others in Mesopotamia. Has the Grand Fleet its striking force to use by way of strategic surprise? We acknowledged the necessity for such provision in peace. Can we deny it today without relinquishing our supreme power?

Happily, though we have failed to realize the fullest hopes entertained a year ago, for reasons which must be obvious—unless this argument has failed in its purpose—we have not merely maintained but strengthened the Navy, and thus secured a firmer grip on the enemies. We have done that, but, somewhat forgetful of the Fleet, we have also used our armies for short-range warfare and frontal attack after the manner of the fourteenth century, though we have had at our disposal the long arm of sea power and facilities for prompt and decisive intervention. While Germany has paid the price of an overvaulting ambition, we have sustained disappointments owing to timidity, delay in decision, and want of vision—the world vision in which only a sea Power can indulge with safety, as Germany herself realized when she determined to challenge our command of the sea.

It is now urged from Berlin that the contest is between "Mahanism and Moltkeism." The assertion is true. On the one hand are a group of Powers divorced from the sea, and endeavoring to prove that they can succeed in spite of that disadvantage. On the other hand, the Allies control the sea com-

munications of the world; they, and not the enemies, have at their command the supreme powers of rapid movement and strategic surprise. In the contest between land power and sea power, the result can be in no doubt. The initiative which we secured, and have since maintained at sea, can be pursued on land, if governed and governors realize in time the spirit and weapons with which the war can be brought to a speedy conclusion.

For years past many persons have suffered from the delusion that we are as other peoples and should act as they act. On the contrary, we hold in the world a unique position, possess unique characteristics, and can exercise unique powers. When war came there was a widespread impression that it was a matter of soldiers and sailors; events have failed to educate us if it be not realized now that it is also a matter of finance and industry. In war we require a great composite engine of man and brain power; it will not necessarily be exactly the same, in all its parts, as that of any other Power. If we endeavor slavishly to copy others, we may sacrifice sources of strength which none of our Allies can make good. The Grand Fleet and the Grand Army are two sections of one fighting organization which must be co-ordinated with our financial and industrial machinery. We must develop our energy as we can employ it to the best advantage for the furtherance of the common cause; and, when our organization is complete, the Grand Fleet will still remain the spearhead of the British people.

We need in our midst something of the temper of the Elizabethan sailors. They believed in themselves; they believed in the power of the sea; they believed in their cause; they believed in secrecy and surprise; they believed that they were supported by a Power greater than themselves. The mariners who swept the Spaniards from the seas had

the truth in them. Their conception of war rested on the conviction that by the aid of ships they could invade the enemy's territory, however distant, throw him into a state of confusion by taking him by surprise, and then overwhelm him even with inferior forces by striking him where he was weakest. They were no strategists and tacticians trained in schools or colleges, but men who drew their inspiration from the seas. They refused to know defeat. Their conquests over nature in their small craft were not less conspicuous than their victories over their foes. They were pertinacious; they never let go. "There must be a beginning of any great matter, but the continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished," Drake wrote to Walsingham, "yields the true glory." Or we may turn for our encouragement to John Hawkins: "We have to choose either a dishonorable and uncertain peace, or to put on virtuous and valiant minds to make a way

through with such a settled war as may bring forth and command a quiet peace. . . . Therefore, in my mind," he added, "our profit and best assurance is to seek our peace by a determined and resolute war, which no doubt would be both less charge, more assurance of safety, and would best discern our friends from our foes, both abroad and at home, and satisfy the people throughout the world." Do those words reflect the temper of the British people today? If they do—and can it be doubted?—victory is assured. In our sea power, more supreme than ever before in our history, resides the ability to strike the enemy when and where he least expects to be struck, and thus to crush him. History shows that there is no war so costly and tedious as that pursued at short range and with frontal attacks. We possess a weapon with which we can, if we will, hit our enemies unawares, and bring them to the dust.

Archibald Hurd.

The Fortnightly Review.

## WOMEN'S INDUSTRY AFTER THE WAR.\*

The inquirer who seeks to envisage industrial conditions, as they may exist after the war, has few economic precedents on which to base conclusions. Economic prophecies made at the outbreak of hostilities have proved to be singularly incorrect. During the early autumn of 1914 we were in the throes of endeavor to mitigate an impending prolonged period of industrial dislocation and unemployment. This year unemployment in the insured trades has shrunk from 6.28 to 0.96 per cent, while 60,000 fewer persons are in receipt of poor relief than in the best month of our most prosperous year,

\*Prepared for the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, October, 1915.

1913. The last issue of the *Board of Trade Labor Gazette* chronicles a serious shortage of labor in many industries, not only among men but among women. Half-a-dozen small workrooms under the Central Committee for Women's Employment are still open, but they are the refuge of elderly women of the most helpless and unskilled type. The number of children receiving free meals in London has shrunk from 74,201 in September 1914, to 14,168 in September, 1915—a reduction of 60,000. To the poorer sections of the population, in spite of the high cost of living, the war has brought a measure of prosperity which peace has failed to

confer on them. Separation allowances for the wives and children of soldiers, who before enlistment were in fluctuating trades, have produced a *certainly* in the weekly budget, the results of which are visible in the improved appearance of hundreds of school children. When we remember the poignant, personal anxiety that must yet be suffered in so many homes, there is a tremendous indictment of pre-war conditions in the assertion made by a poor woman to a friendly visitor in one of our grayest and most hopeless districts: "If them that runs this war can keep it up another couple o' year, I shall be on my feet again."

Certain points for consideration seem to issue from these facts:—

1. Are the industrial transfers now in operation likely to be of long duration?
2. If the present conditions are of a temporary nature, can any measures be suggested which may prevent the inevitable dislocation at the end of the war?
3. Can we hope to improve on pre-war conditions in any steps taken in the work of industrial reconstruction?

It may be well at the outset to meet the inevitable criticism by stating at once that the rapidly changing conditions in industry and commerce have not yet attained a sufficiently static position to enable us to put forward suggestions of any permanent value. Although we have now realized the protracted nature of the struggle for national existence on which we are engaged, it is doubtful whether the lay mind can foretell in the slightest degree the extent to which our industrial and economic resources must be taxed before we can hope for a lasting and honorable peace. We know that nearly three million men have joined the forces of the Crown, but we do not know how many more may be required, nor can

we gauge the toll of human life which may be involved. Recognizing, therefore, the difficulties of all forecasts, it is probable that many of those present will sympathize with the point of view of friendly critics, who see a somewhat futile beating of the air in endeavors to poise the mind on what will happen "afterwards," an "afterwards" shut out from our gaze by an iron curtain, which has scarcely begun to lift.

There are, unfortunately, no complete official figures available proving the extent to which boys and girls below and above school age, and adult women, have been transferred to industries hitherto regarded as peculiarly the province of men. A Return issued in May by the Board of Education showed that 3,705 boys and 106 girls normally liable to attend school were excused attendance between February 1st and April 30th, 1915, for employment in agriculture. From September 1st, 1914, to January 31st, 1915, 1388 boys and 49 girls received similar exemption. Among those set free in the second quarter were 49 boys between eleven and twelve years, 22 of whom belonged to Worcestershire, 12 to Somersetshire, 8 to Hertfordshire, and 4 to Gloucestershire. Two thousand one hundred and fifty-six were between twelve and thirteen years of age.

The number of partial exemption scholars, or half-timers as they are usually termed, demonstrated a tendency to increase before the war, the number of those on whom grant was paid having been 71,718 in 1912-13 against 70,074 in 1911-12. The demand for juveniles has increased so much that negotiations have recently taken place between the master cotton-spinners and trade union organizations with the view of asking the Home Office to permit children not exempt for full time labor at thirteen, to be employed all day at the mill. It is also suggested that operatives should be permitted to work overtime



at seventeen instead of eighteen years. Meanwhile appeals are being made by hard-pressed traders for relaxations of educational regulations on the ground of patriotism. Industrial activity has produced a claim on the labor of little children, which if not carefully watched may prove to be an insidious danger for the future welfare of the nation. Consequently many local authorities, hitherto backward in framing regulations, have been forced by conditions to take action. In Manchester a recent inquiry revealed a total of 6,081 school children working for wages, of whom 2,128 were under twelve years of age. Of the total number 2,324 boys and girls were engaged for more than twenty hours weekly, 1,061 working for more than ten hours on Saturdays. 1,851 children were shown to be occupied on Sundays, of whom 30 per cent were under twelve years of age. In other districts of industrial Lancashire, boys who are engaged in half-time employment in the mills work at other occupations in their free time. This is done in direct contravention of Section 3 (sub-section 3) of the Employment of Children Act. The war has also brought an increase in street trading. In London the utmost vigilance was required to combat the evil, and to deal drastically with the undesirable adults who were in many cases employing boys of tender years. It is therefore not surprising to find the Chief Constable of Liverpool in his Report for 1914 expressing regret at the increase in juvenile crime. Figures are given showing that 877 street trading licenses were in force on December 31st, of which no fewer than 675 were granted to children of school age. In London our by-laws have succeeded in driving off the streets boys under fourteen and girls under sixteen years.

The high wages now offered to boys and girls leaving school, more especially in work which may prove to be of a temporary character, only call for increas-

ing care from local authorities. At the outbreak of the war and for three or four months afterwards, great difficulty was experienced in finding work for children who were exempt from school attendance. In London an experiment was made in the establishment of day classes in commercial subjects, needlework, and general education, maintenance grants from the National Relief Fund being obtained in some of the poorer districts. The classes were all in close touch with the Juvenile Advisory Committees of the Labor Exchanges, the Secretaries of which notified all suitable vacancies at frequent intervals. The experience gained was of considerable value, and will be of use in the event of further activities in this direction being needed after the war. Briefly, the results obtained tend to show:—

1. The importance of providing a practical training in craft work as well as in subjects of general education.
2. That a maintenance grant is essential; otherwise the poorer boys and girls drift off in order to pick up odd jobs in the streets.
3. That there must be the closest co-operation between the National Fund which gives maintenance grants, the Labor Exchange which notifies vacancies for employment, and the Local Education Committee which provides the teaching and also organizes the machinery by which the After Care Committees are in friendly touch with the homes of these young people.

In London too, recent developments of the work of Children's Care Committees will enable the Local Authority to build up and maintain a complete register of the school career of each boy and girl, their future occupation, the type of continued education recommended, and details of progress both at the evening institute and at work, at least up to the age of seventeen. Three agencies will be responsible for the wel-

fare of the adolescent. The Care Committee will appoint the friendly volunteer to keep in personal touch with him, and to make this pleasant work effective hundreds of visitors will be needed. The Juvenile Advisory Committee will find employment in any case notified for "action." A free place at an evening institute will be given whenever there is immediate enrollment on leaving school, and the responsible teacher will be empowered to arrange for a personal visit to the employer when irregular attendance at the continuation school is said to be due to protracted hours of labor.

It will be seen that machinery in London which can enable the Local Authority to preserve contact with 70,000 children leaving the elementary schools, presents opportunities for the development of continued education which may have far-reaching results. The war has shown that the country has an insufficient supply of skilled labor. This is partly due in London to the unwillingness of employers to train young people, and to the ease with which they have been able to recruit skilled workers from the country. That this is a short-sighted policy has now been recognized in many industries, and there is an increasing willingness on the part of employers and trade unions to co-operate with the London Education Committee in securing facilities for time off during working hours for general education, for trade theory, and also for the more skilled operations of the industry. Joint Advisory Committees of employers and craftsmen have given practical help in the printing, furnishing, and silversmith trades. There is a general disposition on the part of gas companies and engineering firms to take advantage of educational facilities for their apprentices, and since the outbreak of war their example is being followed by a cable telegraph company, by firms of piano makers, and by an organization representing all the more

important hotels and restaurants, which is organizing the training of British lads as waiters.

While the full-time Trade School which provides a thorough initial training in every branch of certain skilled industries, coupled with general education, is undoubtedly the best method of securing the maximum of intelligence, adaptability, and resource from the individual student, at the same time safeguarding moral and physical development during the most important years of growth, questions of accommodation and of expense may render their extension less rapid than the part-time course. But certain essentials in training can only be effectively dealt with in the full-time trade school, and the experience gained there may be of vital importance in dealing not only with problems of reconstruction after the war in relation to adolescents, but also in the transfer of women from work on war equipment to the arts of peace.

The sudden commercial upheaval following upon the declaration of war produced a contraction of employment amounting to  $10\frac{1}{4}$  per cent in the case of men and  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent in the case of women. Women were mainly affected by the decline in the dressmaking trade, by the abrupt stoppage of production in furniture, by the shortage of sugar in the confectionery trade, and by the limited output in the cotton industry, which had begun some months before August, 1914. By December a marked recovery was apparent; there was increasing difficulty in finding men to meet the demand for labor in many industries, and the number of women and girls on overtime had nearly doubled. The action of the Government in regard to the purchase of sugar had prevented disaster in the confectionery trades. By February employment was normal in the cotton towns and Government contracts in tailoring and shirt-making had mitigated the difficulties of women in

dressmaking and skilled industries. The simplification of the khaki tunic enabled the smaller contractors to undertake work. The increase in the number of women employed was especially noteworthy in the leather trades, which showed an expansion of 36.6 per cent, with 55.2 per cent. working overtime, and in engineering with an expansion of 12.3 per cent, with 39.2 engaged on overtime. In the boot trade 22 per cent, and in the clothing 17.3 per cent, were similarly employed. By February, too, the enlistment figure among the employees of banks and insurance figures was between 20 and 25 per cent, and the returns showed an increasing tendency to secure the services of women to fill vacancies. During the past six months this movement has advanced rapidly. But it must be remembered that the trend towards the employment of women in industries usually regarded as the province of men has been gaining in impetus in recent years. The census returns of 1911 show, for instance, that 117,057 women were engaged in that year as commercial or business clerks, against 55,784, in 1901. In insurance work 4,626 women are recorded, compared with 1,375 in 1901. There were 2,159 law clerks in 1911 against 367 in 1901. Even in the tramway service 607 women were found, as compared with 72 in 1901, and on railways 2,636 against 1,441 at the previous census.

In banks, the increase in the number of women employed is very large. One agency alone has trained, tested, and passed on 973 women to positions of various kinds. Hitherto the work given has not been of a very responsible type, but the calculations to be made need quickness and accuracy. The experiment must be regarded as still in the initial stages, but there seems a likelihood of permanent work for women in the pass book and coupon departments. The salaries given do not compare unfavorably with those obtained by the

more competent among women clerks.

The *Board of Trade Labor Gazette* for July, 1915, points out that there is in the boot trade a demand for women workers in departments hitherto exclusively in the hands of men. In London the opportunities available for women in the leather machining trade led to the establishment of short courses of eight weeks' duration at the Cordwainers' College. The women in training came from the more depressed branches of the stationery and printing trades, a good many being folders and sewers. All those who took the course secured good positions on its completion at wages which advanced rapidly. Certain firms have introduced their own training schemes, one firm having taught leather stitching to nearly a thousand women since the beginning of the war, paying them 2d. an hour while learning.

A scheme for the training of women as assistants in the grocery and provision trade has been organized by the London County Council with marked success, and has again emphasized the value of the short full-time course for the training of adults. An intensive scheme by which teaching is given by highly-qualified trade teachers under circumstances as nearly as possible approaching workshop conditions, offers a possible solution to the problem of the transfer of women to other openings after the war.

It has been generally admitted that women have shown much resource and adaptability and a high degree of capacity in accommodating themselves to the changed conditions of industry. The investigators who conducted inquiries for the Report to the British Association on outlets for labor after the war point out that in the metal trades, and especially in the manufacture of projectiles, women are doing "work demanding intelligence of a high degree and involving intricate operations." They are being employed in complicated

processes on shells, on difficult forging work, and on the delicate manipulation needed in producing time fuses.

These women have been mainly drawn from such trades as jewelry, clock, and barometer making, silver-smith's work, and even from dressmaking. The possession of craftsmanship involves as a rule adaptability. Similarly the great expansion of work in the clothing trade (coupled, it may be noted, with an increase of wages of 56 per cent as compared with June, 1914), has been met by the influx of women from kindred industries such as baby linen making, juvenile clothing, wholesale and retail dressmaking, bespoke tailoring, under-clothing, and the millinery trades. Government demands are so great that factories engaged on private work cannot obtain hands. One of the largest and best wholesale garment-making firms, employing 900 hands, has vacancies at this moment for 200 girls and women. In the boot trade the requirements of the retail firms cannot be dealt with at all. In fact the difficulty of meeting the normal needs of the population appears to be increasing daily, and may, therefore, lead to a period of industrial expansion after the war, drawing back large numbers of women to their usual trades, provided always that we have not reached a time of great financial stringency.

The question of transfer will be a matter of graver difficulty in the case of women employed on railways, on bookstalls, and in driving and distributing goods. Their work involves no hand training, there is more freedom than in the workshop, and the out-of-door life is likely to render them unwilling to take up the monotony of domestic service in towns. Possibly for these women emigration may prove an attractive solution.

In the commercial world the increase of women workers may probably be permanent. After the Boer War many

men preferred emigration or other more interesting occupations to a return to the desk and the ledger. Unfortunately, in this far deadlier struggle there will, be many who, alas! can never return and women, in a greater degree than ever before in the history of the world, must therefore seek economic independence. The lighter positions in warehouses, counting houses—general commercial effort—are peculiarly suitable for them.

On the other hand, it may be hoped that the end of hostilities may see considerable developments in our commercial and industrial activities, more especially in trade with our over-sea dominions and with our Allies. A series of more than one hundred pamphlets was published some months ago by the Board of Trade, showing the opportunities existing for new markets for our wares, and the need for greater care and initiative in making known our resources, in pushing our manufactures, and especially in supplying the actual requirements of the market. Extracts are quoted from Reports of His Majesty's Trade Commissioners, and from consular officials, which are a surprising revelation to those who, like myself, were believers in the capacity of the British man of business. Instances are given telling how we have lost ground in Australia in the supply of agricultural machinery because, unlike the Canadian and American manufacturers, our firms are not represented by competent salesmen and travelers. American and Canadian firms, says His Majesty's Commissioner, think it worth while to have huge establishments for the sale of their manufactures in the agricultural line, officered by an experienced and thoroughly capable staff, and to employ each of them, it is understood, over one hundred experts who demonstrate their manufactures in Australia. Without damaging the markets of our friends there appear to be, accord-



ing to these pamphlets, innumerable directions in which the products of our skilled workmen should reach the ends of the earth. But better methods of business need to be adopted, more especially in the systematic use of foreign languages, in the setting up of price lists in foreign translations, and above all in foreign currency (it is astonishing and almost incredible to be told that firms quote for orders in English money). In the extension of English houses abroad, and the employment of technical experts to sell articles of British manufacture there seem to be possible openings for young men more attractive than the casting up of rows of figures or the typing of documents.

The appointment of waitresses in clubs and restaurants has denuded still more the ranks of domestic service. While it is probable that a simpler style of living may be the result of the drain on the national wealth, it seems unlikely that the supply of trained domestics will meet the demand, unless the conditions of work are made more attractive, and domestic service is regarded as a highly skilled industry on a par with dressmaking and the other

The Contemporary Review.

skilled needle trades. Better teaching in the domestic trade school, the keeping of fewer maids, and those better paid and better equipped, combined with less onerous service, may prove one method of dealing with the problem.

Finally, to secure better conditions of labor after the war, we ought to strive for:—

1. The elimination of the child under fourteen from the labor market, the gradual raising of the school age with regulation of the hours of work and education in the hands of the local education authorities up to eighteen years.

2. A better training of adolescents in the full-time and part-time trade school, with a wider scheme of scholarships and maintenance grants.

3. The development of language teaching and the further training of commercial experts.

4. An increase in the number of trades to which the minimum wage will apply.

5. A further limitation of the hours of work for women in shops and factories. A measure of factory legislation is long overdue.

N. Adler.

## BARBARA LYNN.

By EMILY JENKINSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

Barbara was driving sheep on the fells above Cringel Forest. She looked down and saw the trees bourgeoning into leaf, and rising out of them, on the top of a jutting crag, the old house belonging to Joel Hart. It was an unpretentious place, but battlemented and loopholed, made for defense when moss-troopers paid frequent visits, and not for beauty and comfort. It was, in fact, little better than a fortified farm house; underneath it ran a

long dark cellar, where the cattle of the villagers could be driven to safety in times of alarm.

Barbara's keen eyes—keen as an eagle's to scan the broad fell-side—noted the air of decay which had settled upon it, the thicket of brambles among the chimneys, and how a pine, growing out of the rocks, encroached upon the doorway. Behind the house the ground swept steeply up, strewn with shattered boulders and weeping with waterfalls.

"Poor Joel," she said to herself. "He's like Paris, in the book Peter

gave me—beautiful Paris that Helen loved, whose soul ill-matched his fair form.”

She thought of her sister's adoration of this man, and was sad. There could be nothing but disappointment in store for Lucy, she felt sure of it, unless the girl overcame her affection and set her heart upon a more worthy object. But she was attracted by the glamour of fallen greatness, by his handsome presence, and she admired his pride. Barbara, with clearer vision, saw a man tossed about by circumstance, without a guiding principle in his life, whose pride was as hollow a thing as a soul ever cherished.

She turned away from Forest Hall, and the disquieting thoughts which Joel roused, and looked up the dale. It wound in sun-swept greenness to Thundergay, where Swirtle Tarn glittered like a silver sixpence. For some days clouds had been gathering there, piled one on the other like wool-sacks, white and soft as wool just now, but stained crimson at sunrise, and black as smoke at night. The light was vivid, and had that peculiar quality of deepening the colors of the landscape, often the forerunner of storm; the purple of the distant hills was more intense, the green of the grass richer, the red of ploughed earth more passionate.

The sheep that Barbara was driving were uneasy, making many attempts to break and turn back. Then the leader, recognizing the summer heaf to which the flocks return in spring, after having wintered in a more sheltered place, set off at a run, followed by the rest. Shading her eyes from the sun, she watched them leap gladly upwards, bleating their welcome to the well-remembered spot—for the bond binding the sheep to their hill-pasture, is as the bond between man and his own hearthstone.

She turned homewards. As she threaded her way among the rocks of

the rough path, she came upon Jan Straw gathering wool, which the sheep had left behind them upon the heath and brambles.

“Her was buried in a linen shift,” he said, answering her remark that he was busy at a strange gleaning. “Her was buried in a linen shift, fine and white and soft as snow.”

“Who?” asked the girl, for she saw that his mind was wandering.

“Her o’ the white fingers, white as Lucy Lynn’s, white like the linen she was buried in, white as snow.”

“Your wife, Jan?” said Barbara, having in her mind’s eye a vision of golden curls and a little pale face, which had been buried long before she was born.

Jan said no more, but, turning away, continued his gleaning.

“What are the wisps for?” she asked.

“I mun be buried in woolen,” he muttered, “the law says so—it said so then—but she had a linen shroud, the best linen as ever was wove, shining like snow, like them little white flowers she loved.”

He stood up, trying to straighten his crooked back, crooked with the toil and poverty of years.

“I mun be buried in woolen,” he repeated, “and I’s picking my shroud off the brambles. Yon little lass, Lucy, her o’ the white hands, she promised to spin it for me and get it wove. It wunna be white like snow, like her own bonny hands, but it’ll match my old gray face. I’s’ll not be buried by the parish. I’s’ll lie aside her in the kirk-garth below there.”

He wiped a tear from his eye.

“Her should have been buried in woolen too,” he added, bringing these memories from the abyss of his mind, where they had long lain in darkness, “but her was so white and soft, white as milk and soft as silk, her couldna abide the touch o’ a woolen shift. So her was buried in linen, and I paid the fine.”

"It will take a lot of gathering, Jan, before you get enough to make a shroud," said Barbara. "But let it be, let it be; leave it for the birds to build their nests of. You shall have a fleece, and a decent bed, too, when you need it, beside her o' the little white hands."

He looked at the girl slowly, from her feet to the crown of her head.

"Thee's a girt lass," he said, "as big as the mistress, and they used to call her daughter o' the giant that lived at Ketel's Parlor. But thee's got a kind, soft voice, Barbara Lynn, like the cooin' o' wood-doves. Wilta gie me a fleece?"

She nodded, and the pale watery eyes brightened.

"The birds is welcome to my gath-erin'," he replied, scattering his bundle of wool. "I's'll go and pull rushes. We's gettin' short o' candles down-by," and he shuffled away.

Barbara watched him go. She thought how hard it was to be old and lonely and poor. Jan had bed and whittle-gate at the farm—decency could do no other after a life of honest service—but, as the old man was past work, what use had he for wages? Such was her great-grandmother's argument for refusing to part with a penny of her hoard.

Barbara went slowly down-hill. She had an hour to spare before milking-time, and it was too precious to be lost. She passed along a ledge of the Mickle Craggs, found a sheltered spot, and sat down. She could not see Greystones as it lay right below her, but she could smell the turf-smoke from its fire.

There, with her hands clasped upon her knees, surrounded by a wilderness of gray rocks, she gave wings to her mind. All through this Easter-tide she had walked as in a dream; but it was the dream and not the actual that had life. She came and went, rose before dawn, and passed the day toiling upon the

fells, but now and again she culled an hour to spend with her book—Pope's "Homer"—at the cave. Sometimes Peter came there and read to her, often the old herbalist Timothy Hadwin accompanied him, and the two men would talk, while she listened, weaving withy baskets, but weaving into her own mind many a wonderful thought. Thus she learned to know the old stories of Achilles and Hector and Helen, of Ulysses and Penelope; she was thrilled with the beauty, pathos and madness of them. The natural objects about her began to take on a new meaning; she was able to feel the freshness of the early world, when men's hearts were fuller of the mystery of things, less sure of their own place in the Universe, and stricken with fear before the veiled faces of the gods.

She likened her mind to the shield of Achilles, which Vulcan forged for him; she thought of it as a great disc engraved with strange pictures—emblems of all that she thought and knew and felt. But as the ocean encompassed the shield—

In living silver seemed the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole,

so about her beat the waves of a mystery, which shut in a part of her life, that her inward eye might concentrate upon it, and yet be conscious of the depths surging round.

The human mind is stupendous, she thought, beyond the power of man to understand. When she considered her own mind, and all that was written upon it—its ideas of life, of men and women, of religion and destiny, she was awed with wonder that a thing so mighty should have been forged for her by the hand which gave her life.

Her own existence was too uneventful, too full of commonplaces, too mean, to provide a satisfying food for her strong

intellect. But in "Homer" she found a feast spread. His men and women lived down to the depths of their being, and she lived in them. Hecuba and Andromache! the greatness and bitterness of their lives appalled and stirred her. When she stood upon the heights and saw the mists rise like smoke from the dale, or roll from ledge to ledge down the fell-side, when she saw the beck in spate, when she looked through the gloaming at the ruined outlines of the crags, then she participated in the very thoughts of these great women; then she felt the presence of gods in the mist; then she saw Achilles flee before the angry River; then she saw Troy and the long black ships, and the lines of glittering warriors, and in her own heart she heard the cry of defeated hosts, of exultation, of death, of resignation.

Barbara roused herself from these thoughts. She was lingering too long in idleness. She must go and call the cattle, for milking-time was near. So she came swiftly down the crags behind the house. They were rough and steep, rotten in many places, and drilled with springs. But a little sheep-path led in and out, bordered with bleaberries and parsley ferns. In one cleft a thorn had taken root, and baffled the wind and storms of years; in another grew a holly; but for the most part the place was bare of vegetation. Soon she saw the chimneys of Greystones below her.

Lucy stood in the dairy churning. The door was open, and she could see into the cow-house, and through it, framed as in a picture, the fell-side aglow with the afternoon sunshine. She was tired, her hair was ruffled, and her cheeks were flecked with cream. Her eyes, at times, were almost blinded with tears, and she saw the distant glories through mist. The good green earth called to her, but she was doomed to toil at the churn in the semi-gloom of the dairy while the day fled, while life fled.

She longed to be out in the sunshine; she wanted to plait rush-baskets as she had done as a child, to fish for minnows in the beck, to wander down the dale and smell the aromatic scent of the springing bracken. She looked at Jan Straw, who sat on the doorstep peeling rushes. He was like a worn-out garment; she, too, would be like a worn-out garment before long. Life was hurrying, hurrying by; not long ago she had been a child, today she was a woman, soon she would be old with life behind her. Lucy dreaded growing old. Each morning when she woke she thought that the day must surely bring some change, but it passed as the day before had done, passed in monotonous labor, leaving her a little older, a little sadder, a little less hopeful. Now and then she cherished the thought that she was a woman grown, and whispered to herself of love and home and husband. But today she wanted to cast off all responsibility, to have the mind and outlook of a child.

She paused for a moment to wipe the splashes of cream from her cheeks, and rest her arms. Then her great-grandmother called:

"Lucy!"

It was no use pretending that she had not heard; the tones of the old voice demanded a reply.

"Yes," she answered, reluctantly.

"Has the butter come yet, Lucy?"

"Nay."

"Nay? I doubt the butter will never come to idle hands."

The girl began again, and the thud, thud of the churn was like the angry beating of her heart.

Lucy's unwonted despondency rose from the strange temper of Joel. Usually he was as affectionate as she could desire, but sometimes, without any reason that she knew, he would be taciturn and neglectful. Yet he loved her—she did not doubt it. There was an inconsistency in him, and it puzzled



her. For to Lucy's understanding, character should be simple, and not a thing of complex feelings and contradictory impulses. Though Joel purposed the highest achievements, he rarely attained: though he said that he adored her, he could not rouse his energy to fulfill his responsibilities. She was unhappy, trying to piece together these parts of him, and present a clear picture to her mind.

At last she heard the plop-plop of butter in the churn, and her eyes brightened. When the brain is distracted with questions it is unable to solve, that concern the inner life, it finds relief in turning to outward shows, where something is being accomplished—be it only the coming of butter.

The hind had cleaned out the byre, and shaken down fresh straw. It glistened in the gloom like thick golden threads, soon to be trodden under the hoofs of the cows. Lucy could hear her sister's voice as she drove them from their pasture across the bridge to the milking. They lumbered in single file up the path—red cows, white cows, piebald cows, with straight horns and full swinging udders, their brown eyes looking from under their lashes with an expression of innocent content.

Lucy was in a mood to draw analogies from everything about her, and she thought of the yellow straw and Barbara's hair, and how soon life, with its heavy foot, would beat out its gold.

"If you could have a wish just now, that would come true," she said, "what would you wish for most in the world?"

Barbara leaned her cheek against the warm side of Cushy, her favorite cow, and pondered this question, while the only sound was the swish of milk into the pail.

"Eyes," she remarked at length.

"Eyes? You're not going blind, Barbara?"

"Nay, nay, I've got the best eyes in the dale. I can count twelve stars in

the Pleiades, and no one else can see more than six. It's not them kind of eyes I want—it's spirit-eyes."

"Oh, Barbara, do you want to see spooks?"

The girl laughed, and then was silent. At last she said:

"I feel that if we could push a curtain aside, we'd find ourselves in a wonderful world. It's here, about us, on every hand, but we can't get in."

"Spooks!" again exclaimed Lucy. "I've seen a spook. It's the spirit of this old house,—a grinning, gray hag, gray as its name—and it's got you and me in its grip; but I'll get away from it, see if I don't. It takes the very life out of me—haunts me like a shadow."

"Shut your eyes to it," said Barbara. "don't think of it, then it won't bother you."

"Shut my eyes! So I do; but it's my bed-fellow when you're not here. It gets close to me—ugh!—and whispers and whispers—"

"Well, what does it whisper?"

"Horrid things—all about death and sorrow and pain—"

"They're the common lot of us creatures. You won't escape them even if you run away from Greystones."

"I'm off now, at any rate," and Lucy took her milk cans and set out for High Fold. It was her habit to meet Joel at this time, on her way through Cringel Forest, and glean from their short meeting either joy or unhappiness upon which to feed herself until the same hour of the next evening.

The road to the village lay along the beck-side and crossed the stream by an old stone bridge just beyond the falls. The bridge was garlanded in summer with honeysuckle; already the pale green leaves were out—the first green leaves in the dale—and the sight gladdened the heart of the girl. The further away she got from Greystones the happier she grew; she threw off the brooding despondency that had clouded

her spirit all day, and hummed as she walked. The evening air was balmy, the snow had vanished from the fells, spring had come at last.

She had not gone far when she met Peter Fleming on his way to see her great-grandmother. He was swinging along at a good pace, with books tucked under each arm, and whistling like a blackbird. But he turned and walked with her to the edge of the forest. She could not help a momentary wish that Peter, with his honest gray eyes, and open smile were Joel. She could have rested her heart in peace upon him. She would never have been troubled with doubts. She would have been like a bird, buoyed up like a bird on the calm blue waters of the mere, as happy and unconcerned a creature as any on the earth. He had never shown her anything but a brotherly affection, but she knew by instinct that artful fingers, and a pretty face could cause his heartstrings to vibrate. Yet it was Joel, and not Peter, whom she loved.

He left her at the edge of the forest, and she followed one of the many paths by which it was intersected, that led to a clearing where Timothy Hadwin's cottage stood. But his door was shut, so she left his can of milk on the doorstep, and ran down to a little dell to meet Joel. She jingled her cans so that he might hear her coming.

He was waiting for her with his back against a tree trunk.

A sweeter trysting-place these lovers could not have chosen. The mossy banks were starred with celandines, now closing with the lengthening shadows; hollies, dense and glossy-leaved, formed a complete screen around, and down in the bottom, among gray pebbles, a spring bubbled up, as clear as crystal and cold as ice, widening into a pool, in which the lovely slim bodies of the sunbeams by day, and the moonbeams by night, bathed and swam.

Joel was in a lively humor, but Lucy would be serious.

"Oh, lad, lad," she whispered, "take me away from Greystones. I'm so unhappy there."

"Unhappy! What or who has been frightening you, Lucy? Is it the old woman?"

She shuddered.

"I'm sure the place is haunted."

"So it is—by your great-grandmother. It's not canny to have a great-grandmother, Lucy. She ought to be a ghost by now."

"Oh, I'd rather have her as she is," replied the girl. "She can't get out of the four-poster—at any rate she won't till she's dead. Then"—she shivered again, and moved closer to him—"she would soon be after us, peeking through the bushes, and crying out in that sharp voice of hers: 'Lucy, Lucy, away to your bed!' But, Joel, I wish you would tell her that you want to marry me."

"God forbid," he said fervently.

"Why not, Joel? Don't you want to marry me? She's fonder of you than she is of me."

He plucked a bunch of the little yellow flowers and twined them in her curls.

"You're very pretty tonight, Lucy," he answered, "and you know I want to marry you more than anything else in the world. But it would not help us for me to tell her so, though she does profess to like the looks of me. She likes the looks of her money better."

"What's that to do with it?"

"She'd want to know if I expected her to keep us."

"You could say 'No.'"

"Then she'd want to know if I could keep you."

"You could say 'Yes.'"

"But I can't keep you, Lucy. I can keep myself, not yet, though I have hopes that my luck is changing," he spoke mysteriously.

"Shall we never be married?" she

asked wearily, leaning her head upon his shoulder.

"We must wait a little longer."

"It's always wait, wait, wait, Joel."

"Well, you see, you shouldn't have fallen in love with such a poverty-stricken creature. But I thank God—whenever I thank Him at all—that you did. You're the only soul that has ever cared for me, Lucy. My mother blew the thought of me away as though I had been dust; and old Mally Ray, honest heart, doesn't know the meaning of real love. I don't think her religion approves of the word. Look up, Lucy, and let me see you smile—it's a garden of roses to me, that smile of yours."

She did look up, but to ask in a cold voice:

"How much money have you, Joel?"

"Only a penny piece, but, like the widow's cruse, it's going to multiply."

"Really?"

"You shall see. Some fine morning I'll come riding up to Greystones and carry you off to be lady of Forest Hall."

She gazed at him through the dusk,

at his handsome face and lithe figure. He was a glorious make of a man. How could she ever have distrusted him? His eyes were looking into hers with an expression of the tenderest regard, his arms were round her, his voice was whispering endearing words.

So she gave herself up to the joy of loving and being loved, having cast all her doubts and suspicions away as unworthy of her and disloyal to him.

They sat on a fallen tree with arms entwined. It was growing rapidly darker; owls began to hoot in the forest; a damp, sweet smell rose from the undergrowth. They talked bravely, as young things do, of the future.

Then Lucy ran home by the singing beck, up to the lonely house under the crags, happy in Joel's promise that he would soon come for her openly, and ask for her great-grandmother's blessing, which he was sure to get if he came with full pockets.

How they were to be filled she did not know or ask. But Joel had assured her that his luck was changing at last.

*(To be continued)*

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## SWITZERLAND IN WAR TIME.

We had passed within twenty miles of Valenciennes, where Uhlans had been seen on the previous night, and yet I still found it difficult to believe that the war could affect anything so routine as the journey to Switzerland. In those early days the war still seemed dreamlike and unreal. At Dole the dream became a nightmare, as we waited in the little station and watched the tragic train-loads of wounded passing in from the battle front in Alsace.

The long journey—twenty hours from Paris to Pontarlier instead of eight—was tedious, but it was not without compensations. If you flash through from Paris to the Alps between sunset

and sunrise, the intervening stages lose significance. This tired train that seemed to drag itself through the plains of France gave reality to many a little wayside station which had been nothing but a name, and romance to the gradual transition from the flat country to the first uplift of the hills. Never have I longed more intensely for the first feel of Swiss soil. As the line steepened beyond Dole the train seemed to quicken with new hope, as if it longed to throw off the weight of sorrow and suspense that brooded over France. But we were not to reach Switzerland that night. We could go no further than Pontarlier.

Next morning there were passports to be visé before we could cross the frontier. The entrance to the Mairie was blocked by a crowd studying the telegrams posted outside. This was on August 25. Namur had fallen; the great retreat was fairly begun. Of all this we knew nothing, though we guessed much. The groups in front of the Mairie melted away and reformed again. Those nearest the board read out the telegrams in subdued tones. "For the moment we have abandoned the offensive, but we hope soon to resume it. There is no cause for anxiety." The optimists affected cheerfulness and declared that we were drawing the Germans into a trap. But the optimists were in a minority, and the picture postcards in the shops, which represented the Allies carving up a pie labeled "Germany," brought small consolation.

At last! The train swept out of Pontarlier and carried us with a rush into Switzerland. But even in Switzerland the gloom of war prevailed. Lausanne, where I lunched, was enthusiastically pro-French, but Lausanne knew more than France, for the Swiss papers of course had published the triumphant German telegrams.

I spent the night in Berne and the evening with some Swiss friends in a cafe. My Bernese friends seemed confident that Germany would win and win quickly. A journalist ventured to remark that Kitchener had said that the war would last three years, and he was promptly informed that the Germans would take Paris in three weeks. "Nothing can stop them. I hear they have some wonderful secrets up their sleeve, some new kind of gun against which nothing can stand."

"But even if they take Paris," said the journalist, "they will not have beaten England."

"Oh, if they take Paris they will tell the French that they will let them off with a very slight indemnity if they can

persuade England to withdraw, and then England must withdraw."

"Humph," said the journalist, "they are very obstinate, these English."

As to the responsibility for the war they seemed fairly agreed that Russia was the villain of the piece, and they pretended great astonishment that England, the home of freedom, could ally herself to such "a reactionary semi-Asiatic power" for the purpose of crushing civilized Germany. They professed, and I think sincerely, great sympathy for Belgium. They regarded Belgium as an unfortunate little State squeezed in between two quarrelsome neighbors, and they affected to believe that if Germany had not got in first, France would have struck through Belgium at the German manufacturing centers. Their views were typical of the majority of German-Swiss. They believed that Germany was bound to win, and as the war was ruinous for Switzerland, the sooner she could win the better. Had the Allies led off with dramatic successes they would have been almost as anxious for the Allies to win. Their one idea was to get the war finished as soon as possible. But, even in those early days, there was a strong minority in German Switzerland hostile to Germany, and even those who wanted Germany to win entertained no unfriendly feelings against England or France. At the beginning of the war hundreds of English tourists were stranded in Switzerland. Checks and letters of credit resembled a certain famous treaty. Many of these visitors had good reason to be grateful for the courtesy and consideration with which they were treated by their hosts, not only in French, but also in German Switzerland. Resolutions of thanks were forwarded both to the individual *hôtels* and also to the President of the Republic.

After a short visit to Lucerne I went on to Basle. At the beginning of



August an absurd rumor appeared in the English press to the effect that the Germans had violated the neutrality of Switzerland by seizing the Basle station. The mistake probably arose from the fact that Basle merges into suburbs which stand on German soil. I visited this frontier—a most business-like barricade of wagons and sandbags and earthworks thrown across a busy street. A very solemn German sentry seemed fully prepared to guard the integrity of German soil, but I was not out for invasion.

It is, by the way, easy to discover oneself in Germany unawares. An English journalist recently booked a ticket between Basle and Schaffhausen, both of them of course Swiss towns. At an intermediate station he left the train for the refreshment room. He was promptly arrested, for the station was just across the frontier. Of course had he remained in the train he would have been safe, for the train was technically Swiss territory. He is now in Ruhleben.

Basle was certainly interesting. From the roofs of the hotels, or from the hill behind the town you could watch the rival energies of the French and German aircraft. By day and by night we heard the great artillery duels in Alsace. One evening I strolled out after dinner and climbed the hill behind the town. The dark plains of Germany lay below, pricked by the distant lights of Baden. The guns were still. An occasional flash may have been summer lightning or the last flicker of a weary battle. There was no other sign of war. The evening was peaceful; the starry sky untroubled. As I strained my eyes towards the distant battle front the bugles suddenly rang out the last post for the Swiss troops quartered on Basle. The whole town seemed to take up the melody and singing voices blended with the bugle notes. This sudden intrusion of music lent an unreal touch to the scene. It was like an opera effect,

and for the moment I almost imagined that the war was a stage war, the bugles blown by stage supers, and the lights of Baden nothing but stage lights showing through a painted background. I did not stay very long in Switzerland. Wolff announced one morning that the English army had been surrounded and the General Staff captured. This was not the kind of news one liked to assimilate in a German-speaking town.

France had been anxious on the outward journey, but the gloom had deepened manifold when I again crossed the frontier. I reached Paris on the morning of September 1. The day before, a Taube had dropped bombs on the town, and the consulates were besieged by English and American residents anxious to escape before the siege. It was said that the German guns could be heard in the suburbs. An excited American lady remarked "Surely the Germans won't be allowed to shoot before every American citizen has left Paris." This, you must remember, was in the days when Americans still considered American citizenship as something sacred and inviolate. The *Lusitania* was still afloat.

The Gare St. Lazare was a battlefield in miniature. Two American ladies had come all the way from Geneva with six large trunks and a Pekinese dog, and somehow or other we managed to get both the trunks and the dog to Havre, which we reached fourteen hours after leaving Paris. It was a sad journey. Refugees flying before the dreaded Uhlan invaded us at wayside stations. Alarmists declared that the Germans had made a raid down the sea-coast, that the line was cut and that we should never reach Havre.

My visit to Switzerland was short, but I had learned a lot. I was forced to admire the efficiency and thoroughness of German propaganda. In this great war none of us can afford to neglect

the tribunal of neutral opinion, a fact which the Germans were prompt, and we were slow, to realize. In the first month of the war the German-Swiss heard nothing but the German case, and the German case skillfully argued takes some answering. Truth is not mighty enough to prevail unassisted. We ignored Switzerland for several weeks. Our papers arrived late, or did not arrive at all. The distribution of the White Paper was left to private enterprise. Germany supplied the Swiss press and the leading Swiss hotels with a free telegraph service. We did neither. First impressions are difficult to eradicate, and the Germans certainly enjoyed the first innings on a wicket that had not been cut up. Even so the German-Swiss were much more divided than the French-Swiss. From the very first there was a powerful Anglophil party, and a still more powerful party whose motto was "A curse on both your houses." The Germans, I think, rather overdid their propaganda. Spitteler, of whom more anon, voiced the sentiments of the majority when he complained of the dictatorial tone of war propaganda. Perhaps, on the whole, our *laissez-faire* policy had a certain negative advantage.

Somewhere about October, the Government appointed a Press Bureau which was charged with the task of putting our case before neutral countries. A number of writers were asked to send articles to the leading papers in neutral countries. I was invited to supply the *Bund*, the leading organ of German Switzerland, with a weekly contribution. I did my best, but it was a depressing task. By the time my article had been passed by the Bureau and translated by a Swiss friend—for my own German is colloquial rather than literary—it did not appear till some ten days had elapsed. Try to write today something about the war that will be new and interesting ten days hence,

and you will understand why I gave up the impossible after three months.

Meanwhile, my Anglophil friends in Switzerland kept on sending me anxious appeals. Prominent Swiss journalists could not procure English papers. The German-Swiss press complained bitterly of the cavalier way in which we treated them. Germany supplied them with free telegrams, and the German papers arrived up to time. "We print," as a leading Swiss editor said to one of my Swiss correspondents, "all the news we can get. We have every desire to be strictly neutral, but as long as England sends us no copy save the official telegrams, so long as her papers arrive days late, it is obvious that German news must predominate in our columns." I suggested to the Press Bureau that they would do better to drop my articles and spend fifteen or twenty pounds a week in telegraphing interesting items of news, but the expense was considered too serious. I cannot help smiling when Germans accuse us of Machiavelian corruption and bribery to secure a verdict from the neutral press. I can answer for one neutral. The corruption of the Swiss press costs exactly twopence halfpenny a week. A better service of English papers was, however, arranged for, and when I visited Switzerland this year I found in the book-stores various English pamphlets, translated into German.

The German-Swiss press has on the whole been fairly honest in its attempt to preserve the proper balance. The *Bund* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* are, for instance, much more neutral than the *Journal de Geneve* and the *Gazette de Lausanne*. The *Journal de Geneve* has, by the way, more than maintained its excellent literary character since the war began. Amongst other distinguished contributors Romain Rolland has given them of his best.

The French-Swiss press is frankly anti-German. The German-Swiss press seems to believe that Germany is invincible, but from anti-French or anti-English bias they are fairly free. They wisely exclude all discussion concerning the causes and the blame for the war and they do not encourage "atrocity" stories from either side. It is to pamphlets rather than to the press that you must turn for evidence as to the real sympathies of the Swiss. These do not entirely coincide with the linguistic boundaries. French Switzerland and Italian Switzerland are unanimous in their support of the Allies but German Switzerland is divided. The majority of French-Swiss not only desire France to win; they want Germany to be beaten and punished. They dislike the Germans. In German Switzerland I never heard the French abused, nor did the average German-Swiss contemplate with enthusiasm the prospect of Germany in a position to dictate her own terms. They know too well what this would mean. The Swiss have long memories. Their national struggle for independence against Austria may be ancient history, but though the Morgarten and Sempach belong to another age, there are Swiss alive today who were mobilized against Prussia in 1857. There is, of course, a small but very demonstrative pro-German party, but their pamphlets and writings have called forth some powerful replies from the German-Swiss who distrust Germany. On the whole, I should say that the intellectuals of German Switzerland are pretty evenly divided. No Englishman could desire a more sympathetic treatment of English culture than Professor Vetter's "*Die Kultur-Bedeutung Englands*." This paper was read to a society of Zurich students, who met together through the winter months for the study of the rival "*Kulturs*" in a gallant attempt to lift their outlook in the world war above the "mists of

commonplace and superficial discussion."

The most important of these pamphlets is "*Unser Schweizer Standpunkt*," by the great German-Swiss poet Karl Spitteler. The Germans have a way of annexing German-Swiss poets, and they have certainly annexed Spitteler. Good German critics have placed him in the very front rank of German poets, just as Gottfried Keller, the Swiss novelist, ranks as one of their great romantic writers, just as Hodler and Booklin are considered German painters, and Rousseau a French writer. That is the worst of having no national language. That Spitteler should be anything but an enthusiastic pro-German has greatly distressed the Germans. Spitteler himself seems surprised. He tells us that in his youth he looked to Germany as the fount of inspiration, the country of legend and dream, the land of poetry whose face is the face of home, "*wo Berg und Tal uns mit Heimataugen grussen*," Germany made him. He has thousands of friends in Germany; his French friends "can be counted on the fingers of the left hand." In fact, he has only three French friends. In Germany he feels at home. In France he feels "surrounded by cold mistrustful strangers." And yet he has written a pamphlet which has enraged all Germany, with the incidental result that his letters to German friends are thrown into the wastepaper basket by the Censor.

The pamphlet is not, however, professedly anti-German. It is a plea for Swiss unity. It is a reproof to the mere partisan of his countrymen, and though only addressed to his German-speaking compatriots, it applies, *ceteris paribus*, to every canton in Switzerland. And not to Switzerland alone. Certain of his sayings might well be taken to heart by all the belligerent nations. Amongst others:—"A warlike press is not a very exalted literature. Is it really necessary that we should poison the bloody wounds of war with ink? . . . he

who dies for his country has at any rate a nobler role than he who merely scolds for it." The pamphlet will live as literature long after its timely counsel is no longer needed.

Spitteler begins by remarking that he is much distressed by the sharp division between French and German Switzerland. "It is no comfort to me to be told that in the event of war we shall none the less stand together . . . must we then have war in order that our essential union shall be demonstrated?" Spitteler is very much alive to the internal difficulties and perils of a country that blends three races and three speeches under one flag. It is all the more important to remember that those who live beyond the frontier are neighbors, "and until something untoward happens, friendly neighbors, while those who live within the frontiers are brothers. The neighbor may turn and fight against us. The brother under all circumstances fights by our side. A greater difference is inconceivable."

It is therefore, says Spitteler, essential that Switzerland should keep her neighbors at a proper distance. "Switzerland is lucky in that she has no foreign policy." Spitteler warns his countrymen that the day they begin to contract understandings and alliances with other countries marks the end of Swiss independence. "Our troops stand alike on all frontiers because we yield to none of our neighbors unreserved trust. Every State robs as much as it dares." The German-Swiss must remember that they are not Germans, despite the fact that "Germany has generously and without jealousy taken the Swiss masters of literature to herself and in some cases placed them above her own." Spitteler reminds his countrymen that they should show a special sympathy towards small States, such as Belgium and Serbia. For the Swiss, "the Serbians are no mere mob"—(*"Bande"*)—but a people. "No race since Homer's

day has produced such magnificent epic poetry." He tells us that the Swiss doctors and ambulance volunteers returned from the Balkan wars with the greatest respect for the gallant Serbians.

Spitteler renders a generous tribute to England when he recalls to his countrymen our diplomatic support on two critical occasions. During the Civil War of 1847, Prussia, Austria, and France supported the Sonderbund, a league of Catholic cantons whose tendency was reactionary and secessionist. Switzerland was in grave danger of sharing the fate of Poland. Palmerston alone was opposed to foreign intervention, and when the Powers issued a hostile manifesto he succeeded in keeping it back until the Sonderbund had been beaten and the foundations laid for a united and independent Switzerland. Ten years later the integrity of Switzerland was again menaced by Prussia over the Neuchatel question. The three races of Switzerland mobilized with equal determination to maintain their independence. Once again England's timely intervention, ably seconded by Napoleon III persuaded Prussia to hold her hand. "England," says Spitteler, "if not Switzerland's only, is at least Switzerland's most reliable friend, and if you reply 'mere egoism,' I can only pray that in our hour of need we may always find such egoists to support us."

The German-Swiss are very impressed with the German contention that France should never have allied herself to Slavs, nor have used against civilized white troops her Turcos and African regiments. Spitteler reminds the Germans of their old alliances and understanding with Russia, and as to the Turcos he points out that war is not a chivalrous duel with code and etiquette, but a death struggle in which any help is welcomed. "If a burglar threatens you with a knife and then remonstrates with you when you sum-



mon your house dog on the ground that you are turning a four-footed unintelligent brute on to a human being, you will probably answer 'Your knife prevents me feeling any shame.'"

This remark infuriated the Germans; but the sentence that caused most offense was Spitteler's reference to the German "revelations" based on documents stolen from the Brussels archives. Spitteler condemns this "fishing for documents in the body of the victim before it has ceased to palpitate. To seem whiter need Cain blacken Abel? It is bad enough to murder your victim. It is beyond all limits to slander him as well."

The peroration is a notable passage in a pamphlet, no page of which is devoid of masterly expression. My rough paraphrase does not reproduce the dignity of the original, but it gives some idea of the fine ideal which Spitteler holds up to his countrymen.

"It is not so difficult to preserve the proper balance if only you can use a certain logical discrimination. You tell me that this is all very well, but this balance involves a great mental effort. Surely not, for it is to your heart rather than to your head that I would appeal. When a funeral passes by, what do you do? You uncover. As you watch a tragedy on the stage, what do you feel? Reverence and emotion. And how do you behave? You listen in sympathetic and undemonstrative silence. Such behavior is instinctive. It does not need to be taught. Well, my friends, we are privileged by a freak of fate to watch from the stalls this grim tragedy that is being enacted in Europe. Sorrow is Lord of the Stage and behind the scenes lurks Death. Turn where you will, the mourning of those that weep must reach your heart, and the note of this hopeless grief is the same in all nations, for sorrow knows no distinctions of speech. Let us therefore uncover ourselves to all that mourn.

LIVING AGE, VOL. I, No. 15

Thus shall we attain the correct neutral, the correct Swiss standpoint."

Spitteler's pamphlet had a considerable effect. The German method of warfare had an even greater influence in chilling the sympathies of the German-Swiss. The change was very apparent to me on my second visit to Switzerland—a visit by the way which was not designed to avoid the National Registration Act, for I had previously been rejected as unfit, the result of an old accident. I spent over a month in Switzerland last summer, and discussed the situation with leading Swiss in French and German Switzerland. French Switzerland is more united than ever in its support of the Allies. In German Switzerland the pro-German party is still strong, but the anti-German party is certainly no weaker. The extremists on both sides are, however, in a minority. "The best result would be stalemate," is the view of the great majority. They do not want Germany beaten, but they are afraid of Germany victorious. Let me try and summarize in a few paragraphs the opinions of nine German-Swiss out of ten. "We are not overfond of the Germans. We have no sympathy for the ideals of the military caste. Our own army you must remember is the most democratic in the world. We have no officer caste. Anybody with the necessary ability who cares to undertake the requisite training can become an officer, and save for a few staff officers, all our officers are expected to have some other profession. Nowhere did the Zabern affair provoke more indignation than in Switzerland. We are fully alive to their shortcomings. They have no notion how to conciliate subject peoples. Your great achievement in South Africa would have been impossible to them. If Germany were to violate our frontiers the Swiss would fight to the last man. Our difference would disappear with the first shot in

defense of our neutrality. Nor are the Germans very popular even in German Switzerland. We have various nicknames for them, none too flattering. We suspect their economic penetration. Germans are getting too many of the best positions in German Switzerland. We bear no ill-will to anybody. You will never hear a German-Swiss abusing the French, though you will hear plenty of French-Swiss abusing the Germans. None the less, we believe that the German case is quite as good and quite as bad as your case. We think they had to fight, and that if they had not fought now, Russia and France and you would have crushed them in a few years' time. We do not think that Germany has the monopoly of militarists or chauvinists. This war, in our opinion, is due to the jealous hostility of two powerful and quarrelsome groups. The peoples nowhere wanted war, and to us there is something tragic in the spectacle of the best blood of Europe being shed at the dictates of the small cliques that make war. We do not wish to see anybody triumph in this war. We believe that if all lose alike there is some hope that the peoples of Europe will take the control of war out of the hands of the men who make war, but do not themselves fight. If either Germany or France is crushed there will be another war of revenge in forty years. As to the accusations of outrages and so forth we have read your Bryce report and the German reports on French and Russian atrocities, and we discount them all alike. War turns millions of men loose and amongst these you will find plenty of brutes, but we do not believe in organized brutality and though the German conduct of the war is severe we do not believe that they are any more guilty of brutalities than their opponents. War breeds cruelty and lies. Many of us were profoundly shocked by the *Lusitania* incident, by Louvain, by the

French use of Turcos, and by your ineffective attempt to starve German women and children. All these things can be defended and are perhaps inevitable in a war of this description, but we do not like them. We are tired of propaganda literature, and all we ask is that your diplomatists and editors on all sides should get to work and make peace. You chatter about the dangers of an inconclusive peace. There is nothing inconclusive about the ruin which another year's war will bring to all Europe."

Switzerland today is a sad and anxious country. She is not losing her sons on the battlefields. In all other respects she is suffering more from the war than any country save Belgium and Serbia. Even before the war Switzerland was overbuilt. Today the situation is desperate. Most of the Swiss hotels have been heavily financed by the banks, and the Government has been forced to issue a sort of indefinite moratorium to keep the hotel industry solvent. But tourists, contrary to popular belief, are not the only nor yet the most important Swiss import. Her other imports have been terribly curtailed by our sea power. Our blockade has hit Switzerland more severely than any other neutral country, for Switzerland has no seaboard. We have found it difficult to prevent American ships carrying American raw materials and American manufactured goods to neutral ports. But Switzerland has to persuade one of her four belligerent neighbors to carry those same goods on their railways, and it is therefore easy for any of the belligerents to control the importation of goods into Switzerland. England may not be able to stop American goods unloading at Amsterdam, but nothing can force France or Italy to place her overworked railways at the disposal of Switzerland. To Germany and Austria Switzerland looks for sugar and

coal, and Germany and Austria are not anxious to supply these, save in exchange for other things which Switzerland can only get by the grace of the Allies. The recent creation of the Import Trust has slightly improved a situation which was very grave.

Swiss neutrality has proved, not only a benefit, but almost a necessity to France, Germany, and England. Switzerland, despite the divergence of her private sympathies, has labored impartially to reduce the horrors of war. It is in Switzerland that most of the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners have been effected. Switzerland is the clearing ground, not only for prisoners but for correspondence between Germany and France. In

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

one month, according to published statistics, Switzerland carried over a million letters to and from the prisoners' camps. This little State, the meeting point of three races, is the model for a saner and wiser Europe. French, German and Italian Switzerland preserve their languages and preserve a great measure of autonomy. In spite of differences and disagreements, in spite of different ideals, they contrive to live under the same Government and under the same flag. Internationalism here at least does not spell denationalism. It is to Switzerland that we owe the greatest of all international conventions, a convention which, though often abused, is more often respected, the Red Cross on the white background.

*Arnold Lunn.*

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## THE METAPHYSIC OF LIFE.

The word "metaphysic" originated as a mere question of arrangement; it has long since become a symbol with many associations. Most people detest the very sight of it; it suggests full-page advertisements for somebody's pills, or a cubist picture of a nightmare. Yet everyone needs a pill occasionally, and there are moments when even cubism touches a sympathetic chord. Life is a flow of details of which the succession is not always harmonious; flying-machines can choose the quietest rectory lawns to go smash on, as Mr. Wells lately so vividly showed us.

Much as we would, we cannot get away from the hoary problem of the "many" and the "one." The "one" stands for order and peace; the many for the chaos of life. We long for peace, we have to live, and that means a series of hard jolts which mostly hurt. Hence the demand for a kind of wagon with good springs which will take the ups and downs easily. Metaphysicians

have been working at such a contrivance for ages; there are numbers on the market, and new patterns are always being announced; but few come up to the advertisements.

Most of them fail in adaptability. For example, the aeroplane type is, of course, represented by idealism. Its various patterns work all right as long as they stay high enough among the clouds; but sooner or later they always go crash against some mass of solid fact which refuses to be surmounted. Materialism is a slow affair which hugs the ground and crawls along inch by inch; it avoids the jolts fairly well, but then it never gets anywhere. Our road is laid on this old earth, and we come to grief if we soar too high. Still, we must soar a little. We seem naturally to want to skim just above the surface; that is why the irregularities jolt so much.

Mr. William James and Dr. Schiller have suggested a variety of conveyances

which can be changed at need. This seems excellent in theory, but in reality is too tiring. It involves so many barren attempts, and it is exasperating to have to change just as we seemed to be getting used to something really practicable. Besides, it makes such a litter; our past road is strewn with discarded wrecks. Some people may not mind this, but most of us feel that there ought to be some way of assuring a cleaner record.

Pragmatism has another aspect, however, which is attracting a good deal of attention just now. It thinks that the past metaphysic made a mistake in devoting itself too much to the vehicle; it is impossible to construct anything really serviceable outside ourselves. Pain is *argely* a subjective matter; we cannot always remove the cause, but an inner prophylaxis will greatly mitigate the effect. The old thought was too much preoccupied with the obstacles and too little with its own interior structure. It felt the pain, but it was too inclined to lay the blame outside and to forget that the feeling is its own. Thus a demand is arising for a metaphysic not of the world, but of life, which shall attain the desired end by internal adaption rather than by external construction.

Hence M. Bergson's brilliant conception of throwing ourselves into the stream of life. Our idea of a hilly road which jars us as we bump over it is all wrong. Our minds think that way, but if we will only learn to appraise our thoughts at their true value, we shall see that in truth all reality flows along with us. It is absurd to worry about the jolts; they simply are not there. What we have to do is just to surrender to the stream with joyful confidence. We do not know where it will land us, but we may be quite sure it is all right. Half the trouble of life comes from the apprehension of the future; but the future is not

made yet. There is, in fact, no clear-out road over which we have to pass. Everything is in evolution, and we create our lives as we evolve. We are not to fritter away our peace of mind in the hopeless search for a "one" to carry us safely over the "many"; our own vital stream is the "one" right at our hand. Devote our attention to that, and the "many" becomes so much food for our development, instead of so many cobble-stones to rack our nerves.

This is certainly a very different view of metaphysics from that of Aristotle's "being as being." And now comes Professor Eucken with a still more developed metaphysic of life. Bergson's plunge has been found only partly to satisfy; that ignorance of our destination rankles. Once in the stream there still appears a vista stretching away into the future. While the old philosophers kept us stumbling along the banks, it now looks as though we have to start struggling with waves. We cannot lie still and merely float.

Eucken is not so optimistically consoling as Bergson. He tells us, it is true, that our old struggles with matter were so much wasted energy; he too insists on a plunge into the reality of life. But he recognizes that this is no easy matter. We have a natural affection for the world, no matter how badly it treats us. We stand shivering and reluctant for a long time before we can break with it. Eucken warns us solemnly that, unless we do, our lives will remain as meaningless as the world is. He has a fine contempt for the "merely human" and imperatively calls upon us to take the road of the spirit. This is by no means the same thing as the idealist flight; it has something of that, but in reality is an adventure into a new world, of which the idealists only caught glimpses. The spiritual world is a world of its own with its own roads and ups and downs. There is no



floating along with the stream of Eucken; evolution may have brought us thus far with no particular effort on our part, but our introduction to the spiritual world means that we must be up and doing. The painful jolts are transferred to a new sphere; but the great difference is that, while the merely human jolts simply hurt and brought no corresponding advantage, spiritual difficulties are so many exercises for getting up strength. Then, too, the road of the spirit has a goal; it leads up to the highest. Humdrum, every-day life, even in its most refined and intellectual aspects, even if occupied in the pursuit of metaphysics after the old way, leads just nowhere. We are always crying for more, we shall find it on the spiritual quest. Every step on that way opens up a new vista which includes and extends the old; some day there bursts upon us the vision of the absolutely Good and True. We can now dispense with makeshift contrivances, counterfeit representations of the "one" made out of common materials; the new metaphysic enters right in by way of the spirit, to see truth face to face. The old thinkers imagined that knowledge about the "one" would do; now we call for and can have knowledge of the "one."

This certainly looks like a very hopeful way out from all our troubles. It escapes the drawbacks of the old road by just avoiding it; it promises increasing strength to overcome the obstacles of the new one. There is something inspiring about it calculated to revive our jaded spirits. Bergson is a little too hazy about what happens after we take the plunge into reality; Eucken is explicit.

But is he really the prophet we need? Has he a message for the average man, who willy-nilly must dissipate his best energies over sordid matters like food and clothes? That, after all, must be the test. The greater part of life

is not lived in the professor's study, but in workshops or behind counters and ploughs. Such places are not favorable to strenuous inner quests. How about the man who is forced to take his spiritual knowledge on trust? Can Eucken guarantee that such an adventure, which, after all, is no slight matter, is really worth while?

This question of guarantees reveals the weakness of the metaphysic of life. Philosophy must attempt to show "whence" and "whither." The old *philosophia perennis* based its answer to these questions on the natural conviction of human thought. It was accustomed to demand a sufficient reason for things, and, applying this inevitable demand to the universe, it arrived at souls and a Creator-God. But it could conceive of no other means of attaining these great facts; it mistrusted its ideas unless they were abstracted from tangible reality. It thought that mere ideas are the exclusive possession of the mind which thinks them, and can mean nothing for anyone else. Eucken's spiritual ascent would appear to it as a climb up the inside of a kind of endless chimney, accessible to no one but himself. Those boundless vistas which seem to open up before him can be nothing more than ingenious pictures on the inside wall; whatever impression they make on him, in themselves they are mere decorations. Professor Eucken would seem to suggest that all our chimneys after a time abut on the same sun-lit roof. But that is just a fascinating hypothesis; there is no proof of it generally available. Suppose we all make our private ascents and seem to arrive at the Highest and Best and Truest; how are we to assure ourselves that this is not merely a proof how wonderfully deceptive our interior decorations are? There is a specious appearance of research about this method of Eucken's. But I can repeat and

verify a chemical or physical experiment; I cannot explore the interior of Professor Eucken's spiritual life. The fact is I cannot even explore my own from the inside. Mental processes happen, but all we are aware of is the ideas which result; the process itself is inaccessible. The spiritual adventure remains a journey along the surface. The plunge into the thickness of the real, as William James called it, is always pulled up short by a material image. That image, which never deserts even our purest thought, is more solid than the thickest armor-plate when it comes to trying to penetrate our own spiritual life.

It would really seem as though the perennial metaphysic has a good deal in its favor, if we can only bring ourselves to examine it dispassionately. All old things are not necessarily worthless. The old thought was very much alive to its limitations; but it was convinced that there are genuine limitations to all thought. At the same time it was very conscious of its power. Nowadays we want to shake off limitations; but often enough power drops off with them. According to the old way, when a thinker saw the effects of chalk, he said that chalk was there; when he saw the effects of a soul, he said a soul was there; when he saw the effects of the Almighty, he knelt down and worshiped. The point in favor of such a mode of thought was that it was thoroughly intelligible; to this day it is the only one accessible to the man in the street. The sage despises the man in the street; but the contempt is mutual, and if mere numbers count, there is no doubt which side presents the most formidable appearance. While the sage is spinning theories, Hodge is living. His retort is not subtle; it consists in obstinate persistence in the habit of calling an instrument for digging a spade, and the demand that a theory of life shall be as palpable

as the spade is. The average man wants to dig up ugly weeds which he calls "sins" and to grow a crop of flowers of virtue. Sins are offenses against God; virtuous actions are pleasing to God; God is an inevitable part of the average man's thought.

The sage sneers at such naive ideas as anthropomorphic; but the point is, are his own ideas anything else? Bergson's imagery is famous; Eucken cannot express his pure spiritual experience except in metaphor. Of course, we know that it is the fashion to scorn the intellect as a clumsy, earth-bound affair which cannot rise to the purest spiritual flight. But would not the result be the same if there were no pure spiritual flight? And is not something which completely defies description more likely not to exist than otherwise? Description is a matter of language; but language is not merely an instrument, it is a universal expression of human nature. Modern philosophers, at least from Kant onwards, have been using language chiefly to abuse what it stands for. If the inside of our private chimneys were really accessible, it is impossible that there should be no method of communicating knowledge about what is found there. It is far more likely that Eucken has climbed a little higher up the outside and gained more extensive views of prospects open to all of us. That is, he has simply been working with what our forefathers dubbed "abstract ideas"; the only difference between his method and that of the man in the street is that Eucken's mind is capable of more thorough abstraction. Every philosopher who uses language must do the same thing; the great contradiction of Kant was that, while he rejected the validity of the abstract ideas of space and time, he accepted the abstract idea of the categorical imperative.

Mr. F. H. Bradley's Absolute is nothing but an abstraction, that is, it

is anthropomorphic at bottom; Professor William James's pluralism was frankly human, the pragmatism by which he justified it even more so. In other words, all our thinkers, of whatever school, in spite of their contempt for Hodge, are in reality thinking just in the same way as he does; only, while he uses his idea of a spade merely to recognize a new one when he wants it and to enable him to dig with it, the philosophers are becoming so pre-occupied with the beauty of the idea that they ignore the claims of the humble object from which it originated.

To lump the idea and the spade together as useful tools, after M. Bergson's manner, is short-sighted, since there is something eternal and necessary about the idea, even of a spade, which points beyond mere utility. On the other hand, to explore the idea apart from the spade, as Professor Eucken seems to do, is to enter into a region of uncertainty, since without the actual spade or some material expression of it the mere idea is inaccessible to anyone but Professor Eucken. This overlooking of simple fundamental facts by our leading thinkers is no unimportant matter; natural scientific research would never tolerate it for an instant. The facts on which the old metaphysic was based are indubitable; some of the theories which it produced may have been but hypotheses, but at least they covered *all* the facts; modern systems and methods are no less hypothetical and are constantly leaving this or that fact out of the reckoning. The old way of thinking did not pretend to construct a vehicle for life: it was satisfied to judge by the effects that life was there and was taking this or that road. It discovered by experience that the modification of some or other

effect would alter life's direction; but it saw that some aspects of life are beyond its province. What if this point of view left open the way to superstition and myth? Mr. Chesterton has wisely noted that superstition is not all bad, while one myth happens to be true. The old doctrines were intelligible to everyone; the new ones are generally so many esoteric mysteries. If the universe contains both spades and ideas of spades, and if the spade clearly indicates a created world, while the idea of it naturally culminates in an eternal Personal Creator, why should we strain our thought to resolve all into a world of atoms or of mere necessary thought? If we can sin against each other, why cannot we sin against our Creator? If God can *make* man, why cannot He *become* man? If we cannot know each other's minds unless we speak to each other, how can we know the Eternal Mind unless It is revealed to us? If the mass of men cannot keep straight by their own strength, why should it be absurd to conceive of God helping them by His grace?

The metaphysic of life has long been degenerating into a mere game of skill; theories are being judged not by their correspondence to fact but by their relative originality. But it is a dangerous game; while the leaders are playing, the "little ones" are merely bewildered, and there was One who had a serious warning for offenders against the little ones. It is time there was a more general return to a saner and wiser view of things. Metaphysics must be content to show the road and must leave to Revelation the graver task of constructing the wagon.

Anselm Wood.

he did  
Christ  
was

## GOD'S HILL.

## I.

This cannot be described as a particularly pleasant story. It is not indeed a story at all in the proper sense but rather a record of aimless incidents connected only in so far as they center round one particular locality. What lends to this history such interest as it may possess is the peculiar character of that locality.

If it be true that all houses where men have died—particularly those wherein they have died by strange and sudden forms—are indubitably haunted one would be led to suppose that Indian bungalows would be queer places. So, in point of fact, they are. All Indian bungalows are to a greater or less degree haunted—this is a mere commonplace, and no sensible man would tell you otherwise—but in so many of them the queer occurrences consist in casual manifestations having no apparent bearing upon anything whatever, and lacking altogether a story to which to cling. There is the bungalow of the Trotting Cat—normal cats do not trot—at Masulipatam, and there is a big Travelers' Bungalow near Hylarpet, where one's servant comes at intervals rather sheepishly and asks if master called; master has not called, but has a curious subconscious persuasion that he did hear a moment or so back something very like the long-drawn "Bo-o-y," which is the domestic summons all over South India. These are interesting in their way, but fail in the last resort because nobody has ever been able to suggest what the Trotting Cat really is, or who is the uneasy sahib who still shouts aloud in the resthouse, or what in the world it can be that he wants. The Forest Bungalow at Barachi—you call this "Burchy"—was equally unsatisfactory, but differed from these, for though in the

way of manifestations it was poor—indeed, bafflingly unproductive—it was connected with two very remarkable stories. The first of these was the history of Captain Fernandez, and the second was the very objectionable anecdote of the Hairy Trunk.

The Barachi bungalow was built by Captain Fernandez, and it stood, as should all houses, upon a rock. The rock was called, in the vernacular, God's Hill. In support of this name there could be adduced a nameless and undated ruin, conceivably a small Hindu shrine, which stood perched upon its very summit. There was little else, however, that could be called as evidence, for to look at it was a sable and sinister place. It stood in the wide and handsome valley of the Palamadhi, where the river flows through the big walled plain of Bandha, with the Mohnd and Samsuri Hills throwing an arm round it on either side. From Mamindi, which is a considerable peak of the Mohnds, you may look all over this plain; you may note the river flowing through a belt of paddy-fields; on it you will see Bandha, a goodly city girt with topes of cocoanut and palmyra, with the shiny iron chimney of the sugar factory sticking up like a signpost. You will see the main road entering the plain through a sort of pass or glack at the south end, and winding along over an endless series of terra-cotta brick culverts; and just between you and the road, foreshortened against the plain, there lies this dark and solitary rock—God's Hill. The little village of Barachi you cannot see, for that lies on the other side of the hill, but you can see very well what remains of Fernandez's bungalow, for that was built, as was natural to him, on the side away from men. Fernandez came like



many another villain, of a thoroughly respectable stock—sound Calcutta Eurasian traders. His father had risen to no great eminence, but his brother Daniel, by careful and prolonged obsequiousness, caught the eye of those in high places, thrived mightily, cut himself adrift from the pettiness of city retail, and striking south set up the sugar factory at Bandha. Daniel loved Government, but the Captain—the regiment in which he obtained this rank is not now heard of—hated them for that they interfered with the courses of life he loved to pursue. But most of all he hated the English, whose sahibs laughed at his military aspirations, and whose ladies, disdaining the fascination of his flashing teeth and eyes, spoke of him simply as “impossible.” This was in the earlier fifties, but before that grim decade was over the turn of Fernandez came—and he damned himself and his house forever by taking it. This is no place to write of the things he did—it does not do to think them of any in whose veins there ran the least drop of European blood—but they drove him south early in '59 upon his brother's tracks to Bandha, and there he built the bungalow the traces of which stand upon God's Hill to this day. He built it about a hundred feet up—a third of the way to the top—hewing a niche out of the rock and cutting a flight of steps in the hill face. There he sat himself down, partly because the place was out of the way, and partly to torment his worthy brother, whom he hated—but did not hesitate to rob.

It is strange how excellent an imitation of the lowermost slopes of Avernus can be produced—if you have but the taste for it—in any reasonably lonely house. The representation achieved by Captain Fernandez at God's Hill must have been, from all accounts, lifelike. That was an awful house. Strange men and sometimes women

came and went riding in Fernandez' old-fashioned coach or on one of his many elephants, for he did not lack for money. At times, too, they said, there came Things and Persons quite other than men and women. Not often can there have stood on the face of the unhappy earth a place more evil than this big sad-colored house, and never can there have gathered more foul congregations. It is an historic fact that there were found afterwards in that house shrines, apparently in use, to the most remarkable deities, and traces of doings and practices of a quite unusual kind—even in India. It came, therefore, as no sort of surprise when one wild night a terrible uproar broke out in the place and in the morning Fernandez was not. One end of the house had been struck by lightning and partially burnt, and there was a good deal of confusion inside, but of Fernandez not a trace has been seen from that day to this. True, years later, some workmen came upon a deep well hidden in the rock, and at the bottom of this well there lay some human bones—but there was nothing at all to show they were Fernandez. There were a number of people to whom they might have belonged. But the things the villagers of Barachi saw that night flying about and away from the house would raise the hair of the boldest. This was idle superstition; but there was a curious unanimity in the tradition of a tall thin man riding on a white horse, who fled off madly towards the crests of the Mohnds. This may have been the devil or it may have been Fernandez, but in either event what happened in that house that night no one has yet dared to suggest. Personally I see no need for any devil; Fernandez and the incredibly evil memory he left behind him was devil enough.

It transpired that shortly after this date the Forest Department were

moved to open up some new reserves in the Mohnds, and, seeking a bungalow for their officers, made use of what the lightning blast and the ravages of the Aryan brother had left of God's Hill. The young men of the Forest Department are much used to lonely places, and have sound and sober nerves; very few of them, also, had ever heard of Fernandez. It was therefore as a Forest Bungalow—an ordinary traveler's bungalow for Forest Officers—that it became the scene of the incident of the Hairy Trunk a year or two later. Some connect this with Fernandez, some not. You shall hear.

It occurs here that there may be among those who read some few who have never seen a Hairy Trunk. They have, I believe, a proper designation—Barcelona or Kidderminster or some such thing—but no one knows it. They are just ordinary cowhide trunks, with the difference that the hair is left on all over the outside. There is absolutely nothing whatever against them as articles of luggage, though for some reason one does not see them much in these days. To come upon one in the night in a strange room is not the most pleasant of sensations, but in themselves they are quite harmless and useful domestic articles.

The Hairy Trunk came to God's Hill in an ordinary manner enough. It came one day slung between a couple of droning coolies, with a very old man, who looked like some sort of lower servant, in charge. The bungalow watcher, also a man of immense age, watched it coming unsteadily up the narrow ghat of steps cut in the rock, by which alone access was possible to Fernandez' bungalow, and rousing himself with a weary sigh, went forth and inquired whose *saman*—that is to say, luggage—was this. The old man in charge answered with a single word "*Wastaru*," which is Telugu for "They will come." On being asked who

would come, he replied again "*Wastaru*." The bungalow watcher then opened up the house in the hopeless and cheerless way of his kind, asking no further questions. They put the Hairy Trunk in the main room of the bungalow, standing against the end wall, and they went away. They never reappeared, and they who were to come came not at all. The Hairy Trunk remained in the main room of the bungalow. There it stood.

About six weeks afterwards there fell a terrible night of thunder and rain, and in the midst of it there rode up to God's Hill a young officer of the Forest Department. It was a terrible night—rain that was more like a thin river flowing over the land, and lightning that was rather flashes of brilliant darkness. The young Forest Officer was preparing to spend a miserable night when he became conscious of voices and lights without, and there entered the Assistant Collector of the District and the Assistant Superintendent of Police. Everything now went merrily: dinner was served in style, and during dinner the history of the Hairy Trunk's arrival was extracted from the bungalow watcher. He, being an old man, said it had been there six months at least. It was the center of much interest, but there was no chink or cranny through which one might catch a glimpse of the interior, and no mark on the exterior whatsoever. It was regarded as disappointing, and it was not till dinner was over and the servants were gone from the room that one bold spirit—it is thought the Policeman—suggested that the Hairy Trunk should be opened once for all.

The servants waiting outside in the passage heard the sahibs discussing a long time among themselves, and the Forest Sahib seemed to be arguing against the others. Then after a time they began to move about the room,

the Hairy Trunk was bumped this way and that, there were sounds of exertion as of men who tried to raise a weight, and at last a crash as of a door flung suddenly back. After that there was no noise at all.

Presently one of the servants peeped into the room; he fled instantly, calling on nameless gods, and summoned his fellows. The three sahibs were still in the room—the Forest Sahib lying back in a chair at table, the Collector Sahib fallen on the floor and leaning against the wall between the table and the Hairy Trunk, and the Police Sahib face downwards inside the Trunk itself. On their faces rested very vivid expressions, or rather, as it seemed, one expression in three stages. The Forest Officer looked keenly and expectantly interested, the Assistant Collector bore a look of startled horror or realization, and the face of the Policeman when they lifted him out of the Hairy Trunk was like nothing that has ever been on earth. In the trunk there was nothing but the almost mummified body of an infant. Experts subsequently said that the infant had been practically, if not purely, white.

There were two theories to account for this curious episode. Hearty young men do not expire from terror at the sight of mummified infants, and in any case at least one of them could never have seen it. One theory therefore was, that the servants had poisoned their masters. But in that case what was the Policeman doing in the Hairy Trunk? In any event this idea could be—and presently was—disproved. The second theory was that the infant had been polished off by pumping poisonous gas into the trunk through the keyhole—which was indeed found to have been sealed,—and that when the Policeman in his zeal threw back the lid this gas rushed out in volumes and overwhelmed them all. But it must have been a thoroughly curious

gas; for it killed at ten yards without giving the victim so much time as would move a muscle of his face, it left no smell or stuffiness in a closely shuttered room, and it killed without any of the ordinary symptoms of gas-poisoning.

I once asked a distinguished Doctor Sahib if there was any such gas; he said there was not. I then asked him what he thought it could have been; he said he did not know. Then I said, "If a second Hairy Trunk were left at Barachi would you open it?" He replied with real fervor that he would sooner see me damned.

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## II.

An able pen has elsewhere written the story of another house accursed—that celebrated place of evil omen, "Sudden Death Lodge" at Karabad. Compared with the case of God's Hill, that was a story easier to tell, easier to explain, more diverting perhaps to read. At Sudden Death Lodge there were decently tangible manifestations, there were certainly clear and definite results. But I never heard of anyone who saw a ghost at God's Hill, nor did it normally bring about the end of those who sojourned within its walls. It simply exercised upon them a perfectly abominable influence; in most cases men sank into a violent and hideous depression of which nothing could clear them, but there were instances where this depression was changed into murderous rages or unspeakable impulses totally foreign to the real character of the victim. One had the idea that something about the place was bearing down upon one, hunting one, assailing one with a steady and fatal assault. There was nothing on earth to account for this, for as Travelers' Bungalows in India go, God's Hill was a delight. It stood nicely up on the hill, it was away from the sounds and smells of the village, its rooms and verandas were

cool and spacious. And yet one could not live there without incredible misery.

Perhaps the best case of this kind is that of Mottram, the District Board Engineer. Mottram was that type of man who is described as "hard bitten"; he belonged to the old school and knew a great deal about India, having experienced—as men in India must, so long as Government discourages early marriages—much varied domesticity of the Oriental type. Similarly, as such men do, he went home on long leave and brought back with him a particularly charming English wife, a good deal younger than himself. Mottram was the last man to see ghosts, or to come under any sort of supernatural influence whatever; he believed in whist, departmental transfers, and the Club, yet on the first night he took his new wife to God's Hill he had an unpleasant experience. About one in the morning Mrs. Mottram—they were sleeping in separate rooms because Mrs. Mottram liked a light and Mottram didn't—heard suspicious sounds from the other end of the bungalow. She went along and found her husband sleeping very heavily, gasping in a peculiar way. Being a wise woman, she woke him up without delay.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said she.

Mottram sat up in bed, and the sweat began to run from him like a river.

"What a rotten dream," said he; "I thought something was trying to strangle me. And yet it wasn't exactly that either."

"Poor old Bill," said Mrs. Mottram. "It's liver."

"I never had a liver in my life," protested Mottram. "It was rather odd. The thing seemed to be pushing me down somewhere. Like when you're coming up after a big dive and some fool puts his hand on your head."

"Have you any fever?" said the practical Mrs. Mottram.

"None," said Mottram. "What on earth was it?"

"Well, never mind now, anyway," said his wife. "Go to sleep again, and I'll sit beside you till morning."

There are only two points which distinguish this from a perfectly common occurrence—the first, Mrs. Mottram's instinct that she ought to sit beside her husband till morning, which really seemed scarcely necessary on the apparent symptoms; and the second, Mottram's undying conviction that by his wife's waking him up that night he was saved from something indefinite but perfectly dreadful.

This last point is corroborated by the experience of another traveler—a Forest man called Carrow. He also was sleeping in a dark room when a squirrel or some such creature in the roof knocked out a tile, which came smashing down on the floor beside him. Carrow awoke full of the most dreadful sensations, and spent the rest of the night with a stable lantern burning in the room. Ever afterwards he was solemnly convinced that if the tile had not fallen and wakened him he would have gone on to some dreadful deed. He also said that when he lit the lamp the darkness that leapt away from him into the corners of the room seemed almost solid and alive, but this I take to be a justifiable imagination. Whatever it was that kept in God's Hill did not materialize even so much as that.

Quite of another type was the case of Captain Welsh. Welsh was coming up from the coast on a solitary shikar trip to the Samsuri Hills, and he made a half-way house at God's Hill. He dined prudently, and went out to smoke a cheroot on the veranda. The feeling began quite mildly with an unusual exhilaration at the prospect of his expedition, a conviction that the shikarri's was far and away the best mode of existence. It was a splendid



thing to go out and kill. There was nothing like it. Then gradually this feeling developed itself into an overmastering desire to kill something then and there, and would brook no possibility of delay. In a weak moment he got out his rifle and went out into the compound, the feeling growing upon him every instant. It was a bright moonlight night, and in a corner near the outhouses he saw the dirty white form of a pi-dog nosing about some garbage. "I never fired so quick in my life," said Welsh afterwards. "Both barrels too. It was done before I knew I'd started. Can't think what made me do it." By all rights, if this were a proper story, the thing should turn out to be no pi-dog at all, but in the morning there it was sure enough—a lean, miserable creature, very much the worse for Welsh's two bullets. Welsh was a stranger to the district and knew nothing of the history of God's Hill, and he always referred to his experience as "a weird go of fever I had at some place in the south." Having shot the dog, he went in to bed, slept excellently, and subsequently had a very successful expedition.

But the question is—If that pi-dog had not providentially appeared, what would Welsh have gone on to do? There seems some ground to suppose that he might have done as Maple did, who got up in the middle of the night and shot his own horse in its stable at the hill foot; or as Payman, who ambushed himself behind the dining-room door while his boy was bringing the coffee and went for him murderously, as he entered, with a carving-knife and the leg of a chair.

There was again the case of Biswell of the Police, who rushed down at dead of night into the village of Barachi shouting impossible things, and had to be restrained by force after attempting half the offenses in the Indian Penal Code—and some outside of it.

They said Biswell was mad and took him away, but he was a perfectly sane man going home on the boat, as many can testify. And there was the case of young Gray—another policeman—who rose from his bed at 2 A.M., mounted his horse, tore through Barachi like a dispatch rider and—vanished. This of all the incidents connected with God's Hill approximates most nearly to a manifestation of the supernatural. It would approximate still nearer were there not such an unholy number of big disused wells in the flat fields around Barachi.

Mostly, however, as I have said, the place struck down on one merely with a dreadful depression; picturesque incidents such as those of Payman and Biswell were rare. But a milder form of the thing which affected Mottram was almost universal—and terrible enough it was. Poisonous thoughts, amazing and unspeakable dreams, and above all depression—suicidal depression. And yet there were only two suicides in the place—which is a comparatively small bill for an Indian bungalow of any age. One was a man in the Salt Department. The Salt Department is prolific in suicides; there are reasons for this, but nothing is to be gained by recording these here. This was a man who was bound to have shot himself some day—so it was said. Perhaps God's Hill hastened it a little, perhaps not. The second was a young lieutenant who knew nothing about God's Hill at all, and went there on purpose to do it, so he cannot be counted. That is two; and there would have been a third—a real genuine God's Hill one this time—but for another coincidence. This time it was another Forest Officer—a perfectly healthy and cheerful young man with nothing on his mind to speak of. But God's Hill took hold of him, and he was actually in the middle of writing the customary letters when the District Superintendent of

Police rushed into the bungalow at two in the morning. He had ridden thirty miles and had meant to ride many more before daybreak, for there was sudden news of big trouble afoot among the Mattahs—the little, wizened, intractable aboriginals of the Sam-suris. But his horse arrangements had broken down at Barachi, and in he came to snatch an hour's sleep at God's Hill. He made noise enough coming in to enable young Lea to cover up what he was doing; and at four in the morning they went on together and found the trouble almost died out. Whereat the D.S.P. cursed with vigor; Lea less heartily.

Now please note these coincidences. Mrs. Mottram scented danger and got Mottram out of his toils; the tile came down and woke Carrow; the pi-dog appeared as a target for Welsh instead of something more precious; the Mattahs rose unexpectedly, Sinclair's horse arrangements were bungled, and Lea came out of the very valley of the shadow. There were others. Almost it looks as though there were something good that fought the evil of the place, and won about three times in four. In fact, if you think of the grimness of the power and the comparative poorness of the results, it seems that it must have been so.

Let us come then, in conclusion, to the mention of that terrible night when the Good and the Evil fought for God's Hill over the head of the Rev. Claud Bennington, and the Rev. Claud Bennington came through it and told the tale.

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### III.

The Rev. Claud Bennington was a man and a gentleman, which cannot be said, unfortunately, of all in India who prefix "Reverend" to their names. He was a big man in many senses—a graduate of Oxford and an athlete of some distinction. He was what is

commonly called "strong"—a shade too much so, perhaps, though that is a bad quality in the East. Mrs. Bennington was a very timid, rather pleasant little woman, who had come out with Bennington under the impression that all India was like Kipling's Simla—and as a consequence had been nearly terrified out of her wits. There was also at the time of this incident a Miss Jane Bennington, aged five, a lady of much character and charm.

As Government Chaplain, Bennington had a big range of country to get over. His headquarters lay on the coast, and most of his work ran up and down the seaboard tracks, but there were a number of bigish inland towns which had to be visited once in four Sundays or so. Among these was Bandha, where the sugar-works founded by Daniel Fernandez had thriven mightily, so that Bandha had become a large city and a Divisional Headquarters withal. It is a long cry from Bandha down to the coast, and so Bennington usually broke his journey at a place called Messagiri, on the coast side of the Mohnds. But on this occasion of which we speak there fell a storm so dreadful that Bennington, traveling from Bandha with his wife and the child, found the passes of the Mohnds out of the question, and having got with difficulty as far as Barachi was forced to seek shelter in the unhallowed precincts of God's Hill.

As a matter of fact, no sensible person would ever have left Bandha, for from morning onwards it was a day full of warning—black and gloomy, with banks of piled-up cloud everywhere, and sharp gusts of tearing wind. The wise heads of Bandha prophesied a storm of more than usual violence—possibly a cyclone—and Bent, the Divisional Officer, whom the breath of scandal said was attracted by Mrs. Bennington, implored them not to start. But Mrs. Bennington was always in a state of nervous

terror when out of headquarters, and Bennington was anxious to get her back to the coast as soon as possible. The carriage was therefore got ready, and away they went, the day meanwhile falling a shade darker, with rumblings of distant thunder, and those sharp gusts of wind settling down into a steady gathering blast from the south-west.

They got within about a mile of Barachi without mishap, but at this point the wind, which had been steadily increasing, ripped up a big tamarind tree at the roadside and fairly hurled it at their heads. The thing crashed away past them on the left, and the carriage slewed and groaned under the blast. Mrs. Bennington began to cry. Bennington got out and tried to turn the carriage back towards Bandha, the only result being that the wind, now striking the vehicle broadside on, all but drove it into the ditch. Any move in that direction was obviously out of the question.

"My dear," said the Rev. Claud, "we shall have to put in at Barachi."

"Oh no," sobbed Mrs. Bennington. "Not that dreadful place,—on a night like this, too."

"I'm afraid there's nothing else for it," said Bennington. "In fact, it'll be a mercy if we even get there."

That was a terrible two miles. The uprooting of the tamarind had been a mere preliminary, and now the wind came up round them in long howling sweeps, that seemed like to beat them out of their senses altogether. It was about three in the afternoon and almost pitch dark, the air full of flying sand, and the smell of wet earth that always comes before rain in India; and by the time they floundered into Barachi, Mrs. Bennington was on the verge of insensibility. Jane, however—this is a very notable point—sat upon her father's knee and took a keen interest in the progress of events. But for the fact

that the rocky base of God's Hill stood right between them and the wind, they could never have made the bungalow at all; but in the end it was done, and there they all were huddled in that very room where once Fernandez had dined, and where some time later the Hairy Trunk had stood against the wall.

"I'm afraid it's a cyclone," said Bennington. "But we must hope for the best. This place is built like a fort."

(In point of fact it was that cyclone known generally as the Big, and locally as M'Gillivray's, cyclone. M'Gillivray was an engineer who had just built the railway bridge on the lower Palamadhi. He swore that it would stand, and he sat on the middle of it all night to see. It stood, and M'Gillivray was a made man. But all this by the way.)

Bennington had been in the district seven years, and he knew God's Hill and all about it. Having a broad mind, he was not at all sure what he made of it. He saw no clear and sufficient reason why a particularly evil person should not affect the place he lived in in such a way that his influence survived in some form or another long after his earthly presence was gone; and he was never altogether sure how far, by believing in a devil, one could actually bring it into being. The people round Barachi had a magnificent retinue of devils in their calendar, and so far as God's Hill went, at least the more enlightened European had backed them splendidly. But he held it was a man's part to stand out against the terror of all such places, believing that a place so evil as some made it out to be would not be suffered to exist unbridled. Bennington knew all the stories about God's Hill intimately, and he set great store in his arguments on that string of coincidences we have mentioned—Mrs. Mottram, Carrow's tile, Welsh's pi-dog. It was not for him nor for us to say how far he believed in a constant struggle

between the Something Good and the Something Bad at God's Hill,—probably, I should say, about half. This is important in the light of future events.

An Indian cyclone is not a thing to be taken lightly. Bennington had still hopes that this one would draw off up the cup-shaped valley of the Palamadhi, as they sometimes had done, but at all events it was only commonsense to be prepared. He left Mrs. Bennington and Jane in the big middle room after bolting and barring every door and shutter. The south-end room—which was nearest the wind—was the most vulnerable point, but Bennington closed all the shutters and barricaded the door—which unfortunately opened out through the south wall—with every available piece of furniture in the bungalow. The roof was a matter best left to Providence. He had just finished the work when his ears caught the most heart-rending outcry from his daughter. He dashed back into the main room, and found the child screaming in a paroxysm of terror; Mrs. Bennington was seated limply on the floor, weeping drearly.

"What's up, Lady Jane?" cried Bennington, tackling the more serious case first. "Don't you like this house?"

"Howwid," shrieked the child. "Howwid place."

Mrs. Bennington looked up and said with an air of hopeless finality—

"We shall never see tomorrow, Claud."

Bennington, taken aback for an instant, was trying to think what to say, when suddenly and without warning the thing fell upon him too. His heart seemed to drop with one rush into fathomless depths of despair, a hideous gloom came down and took possession of him, he all but threw himself crying on the floor. As it was, he went into the other room, commended himself to such powers of good as might still remain in the place, mastered himself

with a tremendous effort, and returned to the charge.

The storm came up slowly; at six in the evening, after three dreadful hours, it was little more violent than when they had first arrived. The Lady Jane had ceased to scream, but still cried on, defying consolation; Mrs. Bennington wept without sound, but with heartrending bitterness. Bennington still held himself in hand, trying when he could spare a moment from the struggle with himself to comfort the others. It was the child's behavior that frightened him; tears and Mrs. Bennington were no strangers, but the Lady Jane was the soul of courage and had never been known to be afraid of anything. After the first hour Bennington got up and walked about the room, and the Thing that pursued him never left off for an instant. But presently there came and mingled with it an absolute conviction that, come what might, he must not leave that house. This was absolutely imperative, and the more he called it unreasonable the more insistent it grew.

At six-thirty—which was the exact camp hour—the servant entered after the manner of Indian servants and served the usual six-course dinner. The butler apologized for a suspicion of grittiness in the soup, on the ground that half the kitchen roof had been torn away and some dust had fallen down; later, he had to explain the non-appearance of the side-dish by announcing that the matey had been blown bodily over while carrying it across. Otherwise dinner was as usual. Mrs. Bennington ate nothing, and sat staring in front of her; the Lady Jane condescended only to a little pudding, but Bennington ate all he could, for he felt he had a night before him.

After dinner he made a sudden resolution, and practically picking up both Mrs. Bennington and the Lady Jane, he set forth with them to the



village. He said afterwards that he knew it was a risk, but in the other case it seemed a certainty that if he left them there he would have neither wife nor child by morning. The wind sprang at him like a wild beast and tore and raged round him, and the lightning went blazing across the sky in great arrogant strides, but he got them down the narrow flight of steps, and after that it was a little easier. He left them with the butler in the village post office—which even then was almost the only building still intact,—and then with an inward prayer he turned back to God's Hill.

This was about nine o'clock, just at the hour when the iron chimney of the sugar factory at Bandha was torn bodily away, and smashed like a battering-ram through the overseer's quarters, butchering the inmates like sheep. A wave of that same frightful blast, the forerunner of the really disastrous part of the storm, caught Bennington at the foot of the rocksteps and flung him against the side. A weaker man would have been knocked senseless, but Bennington stood it and went on up the steps on all-fours. He had an extraordinary feeling of exhilaration, of something that seemed to applaud his advance, and a mad conviction that tonight of all nights the Good and the Evil would fight it out, and that he must be there. As he went up the steps a huge stone came roaring past him like a cannon-ball, but he laughed at it and went on. At the top he tried to stand, but the wind threw him down on all-fours again: as he groveled he saw by the lightning a fresh blast leap round the corner of the hill, and one of the outhouses flew upwards and outwards as though a shell had burst in the middle of it. A tall column that stood in the ruined part of the bungalow came spinning at him and fell round him with the thunder of a bursting wave; but he came through it,

and presently he was in the house once more. He went round his defenses carefully, and then planted a chair in the middle of the main room and sat down on it. He was quite cool, for he knew now that it was a battle, and he must fight for his life—or more.

The first hour was the worst. A thousand hideous thoughts attacked his mind, the depression came down on him again like a sea, and he had to hold himself forcibly in his chair. Had he once left it, he said, nothing could have stopped him from dashing out of the house and down the ghat of steps and away. Outside the noise was deafening; roar upon roar of thunder, and above all, the frightful diapason of the wind, the crash and thunder of loosened earth falling down the hill. Inside now and then he could catch the groaning of the tortured rafters, the grind of the masonry, the crackle of bursting woodwork. At moments it seemed as if something were going to happen. Meanwhile, calling on such help as he knew, he sat patiently on in Fernandez' dining-room.

Just after ten o'clock there came the beginning of the end. A more than usually urgent blast, with another at its heels, came flying round the corner of the hill, and the tiles on the south gable stripped and flew like feathers. The rafters, standing out like black bones against the glare of the lightning, groaned and parted; the storm swept down into the room, and the window-shutters flew outwards one after another like a fusilade of small cannonry. Bennington, stirred to action at last, sprang up, and dragging in the furniture from his old barricade, made a fresh one inside the connecting door of his own room. He gave it twenty minutes at most, but for some unknown reason it stood for over an hour and a half. Midnight had gone before the whole world seemed to rise up in one great swelling roar,—the partition door burst

inwards, and Bennington's barricade of furniture came tumbling in like surf on a beach. He himself was thrown against the wall, and made for the door just in time to see the lightning blazing over his head as the roof was lifted bodily away. As he got outside, the ill-fated partition-wall bulged and crashed inwards, and some other more distant part of the house fell like thunder. That was the tail-end blast of the whole hurricane: to its credit stand on good authority, two churches, the Government buildings at Bandha, the railway bridge at Palmur, three rice-mills, and the bungalow on God's Hill.

With the crack of dawn came Bent, white as a sheet, groping his way upwards through the *debris* and the blinding rain. He had borrowed a zamin-dar's elephant, and come on the heels of the cyclone from Bandha—a Christian act which earned him the ill-natured gossip of at least seven clubs. He found Mrs. Bennington and the Lady Jane safe and sound in the post office—which weathered the storm with *eclat*,—and perhaps it is as well Bennington was not there. It is no discredit to Bent that he made a fool of himself for a few minutes, but these things are better unwitnessed. He discovered Bennington sitting on a rock trying to smoke, and as was natural, they spoke about the bungalow and not of one another.

"That's a nice mess," said Bent.

"I don't think," replied Bennington, "that it's any great loss."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bent; "it was a good bungalow, and you

can't build good bungalows for nothing."

But Bent had never stayed at God's Hill.

\* \* \* \*

#### IV.

That is the story of God's Hill. As said at the outset, it is not really a story at all; it leads to nothing, and it does not explain itself in any way. Never shall we know what it was that carried off Fernandez, or what besides that wholly inadequate infant abode in the Hairy Trunk, or what it was that hung about the place so long and so dreadfully. We shall never even know if these were one or three; nor, if the Thing is even now gone, for, now it is a place where no man has any call to go. The long outline of the foundations can still be traced if one takes the pains, but for all practical purposes three black columns and a fantastic fragment of wall are all that remain of Fernandez' terrible house.

But it is a sombre place still even to those—and they grow in number with the years—who know nothing of the past. In a dull evening of the rains, with clouds banking all around, or in the colorless glare of the hot weather, there is still something a little daunting in the black rock set crudely in the plains and the discolored significant ruins on its shoulder. Around it are the menacing hills where the great beasts keep their lairs, and the thankless fields tilled by a weary people following strange and doleful gods. And if some one of the Benningtonian creed should say that the place had created its own devils—well, what then?

*Hilton Brown.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

#### A CHAT WITH SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

I am an uncle. I don't say it in any boasting spirit, but simply to show you that I have a stake in the country. I found my nieces the other evening in the nursery.

Lillah, looking distressingly bored, was lying face downwards on the floor. Phyllis was putting the hands of the clock back, lest, as the ancients had it, bed-time anticipate her.

My arrival was not the signal for a furore.

"Here's Uncle James," said Lillah, without emotion, while Phyllis said nothing at all.

Luckily I knew the way to rouse them.

"Good evening, babies," I said.

When the uproar had died down they decided that I might be of some use.

"Tell us about the War," said Lillah.

"Yes," echoed Phyllis.

"The War," I began, "is a very terrible thing."

"That's what Mummie says," said Phyllis with an air of reproach.

I apologized for having pilfered someone else's *mot*.

"And Daddy says," added Lillah, with obvious effort, "it's a disgrace to sillyvization."

"And he says, damme, he wishes he was a bit younger," said Phyllis with immense gravity.

"Daddy says," Lillah went on, "that we are fighting for the flag. Are we?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Do the Germans want our flag?"

"They want everything."

"Why couldn't we give them one like it?" asked Phyllis with deadly common-sense.

"Because they can't even keep their own clean," said I.

"They could send it to the wash," pondered Lillah.

"They will have to," I answered grimly.

"Daddy says we are fighting for sillyvization too. Are we?"

"Your father," I said, "is always right."

"I know," said Phyllis gravely. "I wanted to see if you knew."

"Your Uncle also," I said with hauteur, "is seldom wrong."

There was a ponderous silence.

"Mummie told Daddy," said Lillah, "that you weren't ever very bright."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. I shall say a

few hard words to Margaret about that—putting ideas into the children's heads.

"And when we've won," said Phyllis, "will we have sillyvization?"

"I hope so."

"What will it be like—a fairy-tale?"

"Very probably."

"Daddy says it's freedom. What's freedom?"

"Freedom," I said "is—er—being able to do what you like."

"Then won't there be any policemen after the War?"

"Oh yes, we shall keep the policemen."

"Why?"

"Because the streets would look so bare without them."

They looked at me with suspicion; even at that tender age they could not believe in an aesthetic ratepayer.

"Do people like the War?" said Phyllis.

"No," I answered. That was easy."

"Not even the Germans?"

"I think not."

"But if nobody made the big guns there wouldn't be any war?"

"Er—no," I said.

"Then why do people——?"

"Well—er——" I stopped. I could see that my last rags of reputation for brightness were going. I was in the Uncle's last ditch.

"When you are older," I began; but Lillah interrupted.

"And why don't policemen take the people who make the guns?" It was Phyllis's shot.

"And if nobody wants the War what makes it go on?"

"And if it's a disgrace," queried Lillah, "why does Daddy want to go?"

"And why," began Phyllis; but I put up my hand.

"One day," I said, "I must tell you the story of Socrates, who had to drink a very nasty medicine called hemlock."

"What for?" said Lillah.

"For asking too many questions," I said.

"Were the people who gave it to him the people who didn't know the answers?" said Lillah.

"Yes, they were," I said, as I rose. I took out my watch.

"Good heavens, it's after bedtime!"

"Does your watch say right?" said Phyllis.

"It sometimes underestimates, but it never exaggerates," I said. At that moment Daddy himself appeared.

Punch.

"Good-night chicks," he said. "Has Uncle James been amusing you?"

"We've been playing with him," said Lillah with gravity.

And if ever there was a *double entendre* I'll swear it was there. And so they went to bed.

"I don't know," I said to George as we went down stairs, "why you called your daughters Lillah and Phyllis; their real names are Scylla and Charybdis."

But George is a dull man, and simply said that Charybdis Watson would have sounded ridiculous.

## THE POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

In view of the increasing tension between the United States and Germany it is not impossible that a serious breach will take place between the two countries. Possibly it would only lead to the severance of diplomatic relations. Conceivably the United States would be involved in war. It is for the United States to decide upon their line of action. No Englishman has the desire to see the United States make war upon Germany. There are many and weighty reasons which, from the English point of view, make American neutrality appear desirable and advantageous. Besides, America's assistance would, at least from the military point of view, have but little influence upon the issue of the struggle. As the British Fleet dominates the sea, the assistance of the American Navy would not be needed. The American Army is so small that its intervention would not have any appreciable effect, and by the time the United States would have improvised a large army the war would probably be over. Great Britain can therefore afford to look upon America's position disinterestedly and with complete detachment.

If we desire to study America's position from the American point of view we can look at it either from that of the people in general or from that of the politician or from that of the statesman. The American people naturally wish to live in peace and to prosper. The vast majority of Americans probably desire that their country should maintain its neutrality, that business should not be disturbed. At the same time the Americans are a proud and patriotic nation, with a glorious military record. They passionately resent the insults and attacks of Germany, and as diplomatic expostulation has proved useless the feeling of anger may prove stronger than self-interest and drive them into war. The politicians who are chiefly interested in doing what is popular, who are out for votes, have so far seemed inclined towards a policy of neutrality profitable to the people.

Although the United States is a most democratic country, the influence of the crowd is not as great as is generally believed on this side of the Atlantic. The chosen few, the statesmen and the intellectual leaders who possess states-



manlike abilities, enjoy an enormous prestige, and their views have often in the past carried with them the whole of the people. It is therefore interesting to consider America's position, not only from the point of view of the man in the street and of the politician who thinks only of the morrow, but also from that of the statesman who looks into the future.

Considered from the point of view of the statesman, America occupies an exposed and precarious position. That position may be very seriously affected by the issue of the present war.

In accordance with the Monroe Doctrine the United States has claimed for itself a paramount position on the American continent and the right of protection over all the States situated in both halves of that vast continent. A glance at the map shows that the thinly populated continent of America lies midway between over-populated Asia and over-populated Europe. Being extremely sparsely populated and being possessed of almost boundless natural resources of every kind, America is naturally the envy of Asia and Europe. According to the Monroe Doctrine the densely populated States of the world may not create colonies on American soil. They can therefore do so only after having defeated the United States. In other words, the Monroe Doctrine is a challenge thrown to all the military States in the world. Some day that gage may be picked up by a redoubtable antagonist.

After the Peace of Vienna in 1815 a regime of reaction set in. Incited by Metternich, French troops entered Spain and restored Ferdinand to his throne. At the Congress of Verona of 1822 the reactionary Powers of Europe resolved to crush democracy and representative government everywhere. Having restored autocracy in Spain, they wished to restore it also in the Spanish colonies of South America. England

had kept away from the Congress of Verona. Her statesmen did not wish to see European absolutism and militarism introduced on the American continent. Canning suggested to Rush, the United States Minister to Great Britain, that England would not be passive if the military States of Europe would try to encroach upon the American continent, and proposed that England and America might jointly prevent this calamity. American statesmen gladly received Canning's proposals. They were discussed by the leading men. Mr. Madison, one of the fathers of the great Republic, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, another of the founders of the Commonwealth: "With the British power and Navy combined with our own we have nothing to fear from the rest of the world, and in the great struggle of the epoch between liberty and despotism we owe it to ourselves to sustain the former in this hemisphere at least." Having ascertained the views of the leading statesmen and having obtained their cordial support, President Monroe published on December 2, 1823, a Message which contained the celebrated doctrine and which warned all the world not to encroach upon the American continent.

The Monroe Doctrine, like the neutrality of Belgium, consists of words written on parchment. In the struggle among nations paper walls are ineffective. The Monroe Doctrine has been maintained during well-nigh a century, not because it was reiterated by American statesmen, but because nations desirous of colonizing in America feared a collision with the United States backed by Great Britain. When Napoleon III, during the time of the American Civil War, endeavored to create a Latin Empire in Mexico his action was foiled by Great Britain. The Monroe Doctrine has been observed hitherto largely because the sea and the British Fleet stood between the military nations

of Europe and the American shores. Great Britain with her silent Navy has undemonstratively and unflinchingly defended the Monroe Doctrine in the past.

The British Isles lie between America and the European continent. From the American point of view it would be a calamity if Great Britain should be defeated in the present war, or if the war should end by mutual exhaustion, leaving Germany in the possession of her conquests. Great Britain's defeat, which of course is unthinkable, would make Germany not only mistress of Europe, but would give her also the domination of the sea. The United States and a Greater Germany would become direct neighbors. A Greater Germany, embracing the German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Belgium, and very likely Holland, a portion of Eastern France and Turkey, would be a State of at least a hundred and sixty million inhabitants. To secure her position throughout the world, and to acquire outlets for her surplus population, Germany would undoubtedly make war upon the United States before it could have created an adequate defense. Great Britain's downfall would be followed within a few years, and perhaps within a few months, by America's downfall.

We need not consider the impossible. Still American statesmen may well think with anxiety that Germany by some means or other might prove completely victorious.

Those American statesmen who are less pessimistic than men who contemplate the possibility of an English defeat will endeavor to gage the consequences to which a drawn war would give rise. German absolutism, German organization, and German ruthlessness would exploit the vast resources of Central Europe and Asia Minor to the full. The struggle for world dominion would be renewed, and the United

States would be forced by the instinct of self-preservation to enter the fray should Germany once more attack England. Having ruined all Europe, Germany might ruin the United States as well.

The creation of a military empire dominating all Europe would be a great danger to the United States. Conceivably a Greater Germany might make war upon England, and the United States would feel compelled to come to England's aid. Possibly the new German State would make war upon America, and England would try to assist her oldest colony. In the event of a German-American war, America's position would be exceedingly precarious. The United States has an Army nominally 100,000 strong. In reality she has only about 90,000 soldiers. Of these about 30,000 garrison her oversea possessions—the Philippines, Hawaii, and the Panama Canal. Of the remaining 60,000 men most belong to the Coast Defense Artillery and other immobile units. The United States has perhaps 30,000 mobile soldiers available, backed by about 100,000 Civil Guards and militia of doubtful military value. America's small army and militia are not even sufficient for the defense of the principal harbors. The greatest American ports are fortified only towards the sea. The enormous length of the coasts makes a landing and invasion comparatively easy, and America's vulnerability has been vastly increased by the acquisition of outlying colonies and of the Panama Canal. A powerful opponent who succeeds in seizing the Panama Canal would dominate the precious "inner lines," and could attack the United States with his whole naval and military strength either on the Pacific or on the Atlantic.

American statesmen who reflect on the vastness, the wealth, and the vulnerability of their country, and on the consequences of the war, naturally

dread the rise of a vast military and naval Power which, earlier or later, would convert the United States either into an armed camp or into a shambles. We can therefore well understand that the views of official America are changing; that the pacifist message of a year  
The Outlook.

ago has been followed by a warlike one; that American statesmen are considering even the possibility of joining in a war in which not only European liberty but universal liberty and American independence are at stake.

*J. Ellis Barker.*

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### SERBIA'S THERMOPYLAE.

There has not been a very great deal in the Press concerning the distant military operations in Serbia. The conditions in Serbia lately have been by no means favorable for special correspondence. Only the briefest official and unemotional accounts have come through to the public from day to day of the rapid obliteration of Serbia from the map of the Allied countries. It is all the more necessary that we should read between the lines of the news from Serbia, and that we should try to figure to ourselves what these last weeks have meant for our Ally. We shall not have to read very long or very closely before we find ourselves confronted with one of the worst tragedies in the history of the war—a tragedy the darkness of whose mere horror and deep pitifulness is relieved only by the flashes of a dauntless and unconquerable spirit. It is a tragedy which lacks no circumstance to enhance its appeal. A small nation is seen fighting against odds that might have served a less devoted combatant as a reasonable excuse for an honorable surrender upon terms. This small nation was treacherously attacked by a neighbor at the precise moment when the grand enemy was massed against her. There could be no hope of victory; but two possible things might by favor of the "God of Battles," be achieved. Serbia might possibly hold the pass for her powerful friends, distantly known to be preparing their aid, and she might at least

sell her acres to the enemy at a price. For weeks the Serbian Army and people have followed devotedly these heroic two objects. The pass has been held to the last practicable moment, and the last few acres have yet to be purchased from chafferers who cover the land with their dead and exact a payment in kind from the enemy. Thus for the second time in this war it has fallen to a small nation to show to the modern world that the glory which was Greece and held the pass at Thermopylae is not yet passed away from the world. Serbia and Belgium, as deeply contrasted as nations could well be, stand together in this. The touch of valor has united their fame. Belgium with her ripe and ancient life, with generations of craftsmen and artists behind her, rich in all that gives to a nation its modern cast, finds in the primitive and honorable valor of Liege a natural kinship with Serbia, whose life is at all other points contrasted. The same part has been allotted to Serbia as was allotted Belgium—to hold up the strength of the German arms, to fight for time, and finally to be pounded and driven from her soil.

We must not fail to realize and do full justice to the superb stand of the Serbian nation during these last weeks. Belgium has been better able to receive from us the honor that was due to her. Belgium was near to us. She was quite palpably fighting on our behalf—fighting to keep that "pistol aimed at the

heart of England" out of the hands of Germany. Moreover, our honor was pledged to the defense of Belgium by a definite treaty. Serbia is not so near to us. The conditions of her life, her history, politics, and character are not so familiar. It is all the more necessary for the British people to ponder her achievements and to read between the scant, official record of her late agony the tremendous tale of her great defense. It has been more than a series of military operations—more than the rearguard actions of a retreating army. It has been the defiance and retreat of a whole people. At Nish we hear of house-to-house fighting, in which even the women shared. We have to consider what this implies in the face of an invader who in Belgium took advantage of a few stray shots in the street to exact from Aerschot and Louvain the full penalty of massacre and pillage. We hear at Pirot of deeds committed by the savage Bulgars so atrocious that even the Germans had to intervene. We have to picture to ourselves not only the retreat of an army but the exodus of a whole people—women and children and old men. Not even a dog might stay. We have been tracing day by day upon the map, not the progress of a civilized campaign, but the shepherding of a whole people towards a wilderness of frozen mountains, and we have seen the mountain roads towards Monastir lined with the starved and the frozen dead. To see this at all clearly or steadily is for people here in England almost impossible. The imagination cannot receive it. Where we catch a glimpse of the thing in its simple truth it is not possible to look it steadily in the face. For the eyes of the watcher are blurred.

What consolation can we offer to a nation which has for the sake of its independence and its honor come to so great a desolation? It would sound poorly in the ears of a Serbian patriot

today to talk of restitution, compensation, or even of an ultimate triumph. Such comfort, apart from its counting in advance upon unwon victories, misses the prime consolation of countries which have suffered like Serbia and Belgium. Their only adequate reward is, not the revenge or restoration they may obtain from future victories, but the honor they have won in their defeat. Serbia in defeat has "earned a place in the story" higher than she could have won by any other means. Not even the late amazing victory of the Serbian armies against the Austrians, when the Serbians turned upon the invader and inflicted upon him one of the severest and most decisive defeats of the war, could win for Serbia the high place in history, which is now imperishably her own. It may be urged that such honor as Serbia has won is desired by no nation, and that Serbia would sacrifice her story for a few rods of her soil and a small proportion of the lives and homes ruined and possessed by the enemy. That may well be. Nations do not seek the honor even of a temporary obliteration. But when such a lot has fallen upon a nation as has fallen upon Serbia honor is the one consolation that remains. It may be a mockery of the sufferers to suggest that honor is now their home and their food. But it would be a deeper mockery to talk cheerfully to a nation of compensation and victory as though the iron of defeat and conquest had never entered into her soul.

This, then, is Serbia's reward at this time—that she has won for herself the respect and gratitude of all nations by holding up to the world a model of patriotism and loyalty. Needless to say this respect, so far as Serbia's Allies are concerned, implies a close and continual regard for her interests. Serbia has played a flawless part in the greatest war of modern times. In July, 1914, she was ready to make painful



sacrifices to secure the peace of Europe. In the first year of the war she dealt her enemy Austria hard blows of an unexpected strength, and made the utmost military use of her small strength in loyal co-operation with the Allies. Thereafter, when the Allied Governments were trying to find a basis for general agreement in the Balkans upon national lines, the Serbian leaders and people showed themselves capable of a large and imaginative grasp of the general position. Serbia was willing to put herself in the hands of her Allies and to compound generously and reasonably with the wishes of Bulgaria. Finally Serbia has held the pass.

Today she stands upon the last edge of her territory, facing towards the desolate regions which a month ago

*The Saturday Review.*

were Serbia. Today these emptied hills and valleys are a camp where the enemies of Serbia—Bulgarians, Austrians, Germans, and Turks—have joined hands, which they are using and abusing to their own ends, which, even when redeemed, will be scarred and wasted. This is the tragic spectacle which we have to get into our eyes. It is all contained in the early telegrams we have received from Nish down to the latest definitive proclamation of the enemy staffs that Serbia is conquered—that the “major operations” are closed. What we have to realize as we read the official despatches from these frozen regions is that they are as near to us in a military and national sense today, and as dear to us in honor, as Antwerp or Calais.

### CLOSE QUARTERS.

One must be tidy in a small house. That is one of the constant irritations which attend small quarters. On the same principle, one must try to keep one's ideas tidy if one has a small mind. It is very hard luck that we cannot all have large ones. On the other hand, there is a peculiar kind of comfort only to be found in little rooms, something apart from luxury, yet even further removed from hardship. Also the peace which dwells in a small and well-arranged mind dwells nowhere else. It is not self-satisfaction, but is still further removed from mental strain. Now by small quarters we are not meaning cells or pigsties. We mean something large enough for it to be possible to eliminate the sordid element. And by a small mind we do not mean a little rubbish-shoot, full of cast-off prejudices, stale spites, and dead letters. We mean a decent receptacle, the dimensions of which are known to its owner, which will hold a good deal of neatly packed, but which cannot be

stuffed at random. Limits have advantages, even while we admit that space has *the* advantage.

It is a great thing for young people to “live in a large way.” The effect of space upon the spirit is difficult to exaggerate. For one thing, plenty of room makes exclusiveness unnecessary, especially where books are concerned. Rubbish is not rubbish if it does not assert its presence, and rubbishy literature has a place in the life of the educated, but not a front place. The sort of novels that we all like to read when we have a cold have not a right to standing-room in small quarters. Dozens of books upon a single subject are also in the way. They bore their owner and give a false impression to his friends. A large number of volumes of theology, for instance, have a very disagreeable effect in a small room, and so have too many books on India or books in foreign languages. Of course, if a man is getting up a subject, at least half of his book-assistants “live

out." The lending library has revolutionized private libraries. It is the books which we "live in" that must be very carefully selected—unless we have space to accommodate all and sundry. A small, well-chosen library is apt to consist rather of the books we feel we ought to like than those we do like; and moments come when we long for rubbish, and because we have none we cannot read at all. Apart from books which help us in our work, there are more frivolous guest-books, which we like to have to spend a few days with us. They were created to live this sort of life, and very few copies of them have any home anywhere; but one has to be careful even among guests whom one admits into small quarters. They often get upon our nerves before we have the energy to pack them off to their more permanent address. The same principle applies in the matter of association. It is embittering to live among those with whom one is out of sympathy, or even exclusively among those with whom one is in intellectual disagreement. On the other hand, it is "over-sweetening," if one may use such an expression, to live only among those who think as we think. Life among our co-believers and those whom we admire and warmly like may seem, when it is impossible, to be almost paradisiacal; but when we come to lead it we are apt to find ourselves in a fool's paradise. All the same, there is nothing so foolish as to make life in a small way an imitation of life in a large way. Books and people whom we only half understand, or who are not worth understanding, are not a necessity to any one. Still, it is pleasant just to see their frontispieces and turn their leaves, and there is a good deal to be gained by it.

Another thing which must be accommodated to the size of our house is our manners. They should be—as a rule they are—less spontaneous among

those who are "cooped up together." A great many people who quarrel in small quarters would have got on very well in large ones. There is much that we all think which it is better not to say; there is very much, if we are to be shut up closely with the person to whom we should like to speak our minds. Marriage is a very different thing in a palace and in a small flat; so are parental relationships; so is friendship. Small quarters do in a measure make spontaneity impossible. The discipline is perhaps wholesome. Probably the most unselfish manners—though not the most natural—and the most controlled, if not the most noble, tempers are produced under this system of intensive culture. At its best, however, life in a small way, life, we mean, lived in a narrow space, may be a more admirable thing than it often becomes under freer conditions, only we must make up our minds that for those who have what we call the highest standards it is not free.

Conceit is not a very common vice. It is very difficult to judge of, and turns up where we least expect to find it, and so we get suspicious about it and think it is almost universal. Most men and women do not, when they think soberly, exaggerate their own mental capacity. They criticise what they could not mend, no doubt. The man who at the present moment would not give advice to a Cabinet Minister, or even to the War Council, is not really interested in the war. But advice, whether offered to an individual or corporation or even to Providence, is often only a way of displaying a keen interest. It does not mean that we seriously think we know best. If we were suddenly put in a position to act, we should not take our own advice, or not without thinking the question out again. For instance, it is a sheer impossibility to be much interested in any young person and not offer him or her advice.

but for all that a sense of inferiority in the presence of the younger generation is one of the commonest signs of age. It is a warning that we are losing our youth, which often precedes gray hairs, and which is recognized and accepted by the majority of men and women.

Very few of us think ourselves very wise or exaggerate in any way our mental capacity; but we do forget how necessary it is to keep any but a very great mind tidy. We let the whole place be littered up with our fads, though we very well know that our mental premises are not large enough to permit that these useless articles should lie about without disorder. It is true that we value them. We may even think that they are the chips and sawdust of pure truth. All the more should we remember to keep them in a cupboard where the unwary visitor cannot put his foot into them. Again, we will not fold up our more eccentric convictions and show them only to those who ask to see them. Even those rickety conclusions which we know rest upon next to nothing we will not throw away. Then our jokes—those, we mean, which we have in general use—surely they might have a neat corner assigned to

The Spectator.

them, so as to be less *en evidence*. And some of our treasured experiences which are getting the worse for wear might as well be shelved. We might make a clearance among the flat contradictions which are always clashing against one another, the hard-and-fast rules which act as stumbling-blocks, and the theories which won't hold water. In great minds there is space for all these things—they hardly show—but in a small one they oust what is really valuable, and make a man unable to lay his hand at a moment's notice upon what he wants. If only we would do this, we should add to our reputation among our friends, for the apparent size of a room—or a mind—is immeasurably increased by order and arrangement. Sometimes we think that some great experience has enlarged a man's mind. All things are possible, and spiritual miracles, though they happen, are rare. As a rule, however, we might as well think that his new coat has added a cubit to his stature. A great experience takes a great place in a man's thoughts. It may have very likely forced him to clear away the rubbish that choked his mind—that is all.

## THE DECAY OF PANTOMIME.

The future chronicler of the early decades of the twentieth century will be confronted with one very interesting phenomenon. I refer to the elimination from the stage of that type of humor which is known as "knock-about." The passing of the old order may be seen in the disappearance of the red-nosed comedian from the music-halls and in the replacement of the old Christmas pantomime by that tasteless and vapid performance known as the "children's play."

Mr. W. R. Titterton, in his brilliant little book, "From Theatre to Music

Hall," has noted the change. He thinks it is fraught with evil. So do I. But I am not sure that I agree with him in ascribing it to a determination of the rich to filch their pleasures from the poor. I do not think we need discern any political significance in it. Rather am I inclined to regard it as one of the many misfortunes—all of them, I suppose, more or less inevitable—that have followed in the wake of the Education Act of 1870. It hardly needed Pope to tell us that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." That is a matter of common observation. Most assuredly the "lit-

the learning" that has been somewhat laboriously acquired during the last two generations under the resistless tutelage of the State has had a disastrous effect upon the public taste. It has tended to produce an entirely false standard of "gentility." The results are before us. And it would appear that the people love to have it so.

The change is the more to be regretted in that pantomime—for I am not now concerned with the music-hall—is a typically British institution. Many of the old legends and stories which form its basis are, of course, of foreign origin, but their treatment on the stage is characteristically, exclusively English. I do not suppose that any reader of this article is so young that his memory does not go back to those golden days of Drury Lane when Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell were the principal mirth-makers of London. For me, they remain among the most imperishable possessions of my boyhood. You would look in vain for the counterpart of such an entertainment in any country on the Continent.

Learned writers have traced the pantomime back to the Eleusinian mysteries, seven centuries before the Christian era. Others have seen in it a development of those funeral mimes who in olden times used to perform their antics at the graves of certain people of importance.

We need not be so meticulous. In England—which is the real home of pantomime—the first pantomime was produced in 1702. (I am not aware, by the way, that the bicentenary of that momentous event was appropriately commemorated in this country fourteen years ago.) Its author and producer was one John Weaver, a dancing master by profession, and the friend of Steele and Addison. It was entitled "*Tavern Bilkers*," and, by a happy augury, appeared at Drury Lane.

It was, however, John Rich—a name that should surely find its place in the Child's Kalendar of Saints—who secured for the pantomime a permanent footing in England. There is a tradition (I sincerely hope it is nothing more) that Rich's attention was first drawn to the subject by the success of some performing dogs he brought from Germany. These dogs were cast for parts in "*Harlequin Executed*; a new Italian mimic scene between a scaramouch, a harlequin, a country farmer, his wife, and others"—A Boxing Day pantomime of 1717.

Rich's performances as Harlequin excited the admiration of his contemporaries—particularly the one in which he appeared as Harlequin hatched from an egg by the heat of the sun. His greatest scenic triumph was "*The Necromancer*"—a comic version of the German legend of Dr. Faustus. It was produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1724. One of the incidents in this performance was a dance of devils, which so frightened the audience that they fled helter-skelter in all directions. Rich had planned the thing as a practical joke. It proved only too successful.

The early pantomimes were, for the most part, rather crude affairs, and the acting was invariably carried out in dumb show. A recent writer has given an interesting description of these primitive entertainments: "A pair of virtuous lovers were accorded the aid of a good fairy in resisting the wiles of a demon who planned their destruction, and whose efforts were seconded by a tyrannical father and a disappointed suitor. The latter pair, in pursuing the elusive couple, experienced every kind of accident and misfortune, characterized by endless tricks and tumbling, until they became clown and pantaloons; while the happy couple, still eluding the relentless pursuit, were transformed into harlequin



and columbine, and happily united by their good fairy."

Thackeray, who with all his faults was a typical Englishman, dearly loved the pantomime. Readers of "Round About a Christmas Tree" will readily recall his tribute: "Very few men in the course of nature can expect to see *all* the pantomimes in one season, but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of the *Times* which appears on the morning after Boxing Day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the papers for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton."

The New Witness.

Unfortunately, in our own day the pantomime is going through a temporary eclipse—for that it is only temporary I shall continue to believe, in spite of all appearances. It is my faith that the war in which we are now engaged is going to prove the precursor of an era of recovery. Already there are signs of revival in our midst of a religion which the majority of Englishmen have long since discarded. And can it be doubted that the same process will operate in the worlds of art, drama and literature? I am quite sure of this: that of all the familiar figures of the past there is none whose return will be hailed with more genuine delight than that of our old friend Harlequin.

T. Michael Pope.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The two brothers who figured in L. Worthington Green's story of "The Boy Fugitives in Mexico" reappear in his just-published book "Two American Boys in the War Zone" and pass through even more thrilling adventures and achieve even narrower escapes in their attempt to get out of Russia over the Caucasus, at the outbreak of the present war. Every chapter brings a new and more startling peril, and if the boy reader were not aware that the author is under a moral obligation to extricate his heroes safely he would have some nervous moments when following their adventures from one crisis to another. At least, he will not be inclined to lay the book down until the last page is reached. There are five or six spirited illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "The Spirit of England" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell groups thirty or forty brief essays, in part reminiscent, in part reflective, the central purpose of which is

to derive from the events and experiences of the past encouragement and inspiration for the present. Mr Russell is far enough from being a "militarist." In public life and as a writer his influence has been consistently given on the side of peace; but he has sense enough to recognize a crisis when it comes, and to realize the truth of the sentiment which he quotes from the historian Froude, that "the spirit of a great nation called into energy on a great occasion is the noblest of human phenomena." Great Britain now confronts a great occasion, and the spirit of the nation is rising to it after a fashion which confirms Froude's statement. Mr. Russell's essays are helpful and suggestive by reason of the light which they throw from the history of the nineteenth century upon the great crisis of the twentieth.

That an American woman should have bought a little house in a French hamlet, thirty miles from Paris, in June, 1914, and established herself

there alone with her books and her household belongings, with the intention of living there peacefully for the remainder of her days, and within three months find herself in the center of bombardments, evacuations, and the blowing up of roads and bridges, and finally, one of the great battles of a great war constitutes a memorable experience well worth being recorded. This is the story—the true story—which Mildred Aldrich tells in “A Hill-top on the Marne” (Houghton Mifflin Co.); and it is all the better and more thrilling for being told in intimate letters written from day to day to American friends. She was an intrepid soul, making up her mind, at the outset, to “stay on,” and having her decision justified by coming through one peril after another, and finding more than one opportunity of being useful to the French and English soldiers who came that way. Her cheerful courage and her sense of humor relieved a situation which otherwise might have been intolerable; and the same qualities impart a lively and piquant interest to her narrative. Five pictures from photographs and a map illustrate the book.

That quite young children may be led to form the poetry habit, especially that they will understand and appreciate nature poetry, that they may be beguiled by picture books to stories of travel and history, to fairy tales, Bible stories and worth-while books in general, and that the average parent underestimates the capacities and longings of a child's mind—these are the truths emphasized and illustrated by Clara W. Hunt, in her wise and suggestive little book “What Shall We Read to Children?” (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Miss Hunt writes from a long experience as the head of the children's department of the Brooklyn Public Library, where it has been largely her business to supply the deficiencies of parents and

teachers in this direction. Fond mothers and fathers who read her cheerful and helpful pages will be surprised to learn how stupid they have been in the past and will be guided into wiser ways in the future.

In “The Story of Our Bible” (Charles Scribner's Sons) Harold B. Hunting makes a serious and very successful attempt so to weave together the results of modern research and discovery as to show just how—in the view of modern scholars—the Bible grew to be what it is. The book is not written for special students on the one hand, nor for children on the other, but for the average lay reader who may be curious as to the conclusions reached by modern Biblical scholars, but may lack the leisure or the training to read their often ponderous volumes. The book is not “written down” to the lay comprehension, in any condescending sense; but it is engagingly clear and intelligible; and beginning—somewhat unexpectedly—with the New Testament writings, and the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, it seeks the sources of the Old Testament writings and history with which those teachings were closely linked. There are twenty-five or thirty full-page plates, four of them in colors.

Certainly no true lover of dogs can fail to enjoy Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's “Dog-Stars” (George H. Doran Co.). The three “luminaries in the dog world” as Mrs. O'Connor characterizes them in her sub-title are “Beau” or Beauregard, an affectionate and long-suffering mongrel cur, who sought refuge with her from his persecutors; “Max Gladstone O'Connor,” a very intelligent and much beloved collie, cheerfully purchased by an indulgent husband and father in place of a tweed suit for his boy, and filling many pages with his biography; and “Coaxy,” a gay little puppy, who got his mistress into trouble

by his untimely belligerency. Mrs. O'Connor is the wife of "T. P.," long-time member of Parliament, and a highly successful journalist, and her dog-biographies are interspersed with bits of personal, literary and political reminiscence, brightly told. Five colored pictures of the "luminaries" decorate the book.

In "Over There" Mr. Arnold Bennett tells of his experience in Belgium under the conduct of staff officers of the Allies, and of what he there saw of the efforts made by the Germans to convey culture and the other blessings of civilization to the benighted inhabitants. It is painful to behold Mr. Bennett's incredulity as to the sincerity of these energetic missionaries, and his comments on the measures which they have taken to annihilate historic edifices of no military value betray something very like disrespect for the Kaiser and the merry men, great and little, who have the honor of carrying out his more or less inspired behests. Even for those citizens of Belgian towns who after a certain absence returned in the uniform, and with the pleasing manners of German warriors he has no praise, but when he considers Ypres, he is sadly unjust. Here was a town that for eight centuries had existed and before which the Germans had been unkindly repulsed, a year ago, by an inferior force, although their aims were of the highest and their methods the most modern. Now it has seventeen inhabitants, and only a few walls to mark the sites of its public buildings, consecrated or secular. The moral is "Irritate not the Lord's anointed." Mr. Bennett found a little comfort in a visit to the commander-in-chief, the great man who, according to Mr. Kipling, taught Pharaoh to do better than he had ever done. Of him Mr. Bennett says, "When he talks of the Germans, he has a way of settling his head and neck with a

light, defiant shake well between his shoulders. I have seen the gesture in experienced boxers, and in men of business when openly or implicitly challenged. It is just as if he had said: 'Wait a bit! I shall get even with that lot—and let no one imagine the contrary!' From the personality of the man there emanates all the time a pug-nacious and fierce doggedness." In his chapter on Paris, the city in which the streets are now held chiefly by soldiers, and widows and orphans, he tells of seeing a "horse-bus jogging along the most famous boulevard in the world." All the public motor cars are serving the State. At the front one sees an abandoned main railway line, its rails rusting, its signal-wires hanging in festoons. "The very front of the front . . . was the most cheerful, confident, high-spirited place I had seen in France or in England either," he writes in dismissing the subject. To ask him or any other man of the warring races to be absolutely impartial is nonsensical. He must be taken with allowance like Lowell in the second series of the *Biglow* papers; like Mr. Kipling when he claims Jehovah as tribal God of the British Isles, but his little book places the situation clearly and vividly before one's eyes. George H. Doran Co.

With the most paradoxical of titles—"The Practical Mystic"—Katherine Francis Pedrick attempts to make workable a theory of mysticism which certainly outruns most latter-day utterances. She accepts Bishop Berkley most frankly and reasons out her argument on his lines. It is all charmingly done, the author's clear and even distinguished English making easy reading of a subject distinctly foreign to the American mind; her zeal and insight touching to enthusiasm even the man who finds her dogmas impossible to accept. Sherman, French & Co.

"Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia," by Katharine Anthony, is a book to amaze one acquainted only with the comparatively mild types, common to English-speaking lands, for the German and Scandinavian variety does not content itself with hurling a stone through an actual window, but flings boulders through law and morality; demands that illegitimate and legitimate children shall be placed upon the same footing and that their mothers be held equally respectable. The German General Women's Union ten years ago demanded equal education for girls and boys, equal opportunity to earn a livelihood, such extension of the state insurance laws as would give all mothers greater economic protection; and equal participation in the rights conferred by law upon certain classes of business. Moreover it desires that women shall be eligible to appointments as justices of the peace and as jurymen, and that the church and community franchise shall be extended to them. Had such suggestions whispered themselves in Martin Luther's ear he would assuredly have hurled his largest ink-stand at the nearest wall, as a mild hint to the probable speaker that his absence would be advisable. But it appears that the male German is not yet thoroughly converted to the doctrine of fraternity for women. In Prussia, 20,000 schoolmasters have signed a public protest against the appointment of female school directors. Dress reform is abroad in Germany and two years ago high heels, tight waists and sleeves, corsets, and bodices fastening in the back were reprehended. The loose blouse was commended, but here a lion stood in the path. How was the loose blouse to be fastened to the skirt without a corset? Mere man might suggest the safety-pin, a luxury costing but ten cents a dozen, even in this year of war

prices, for steel manufactured in England, and worth much less two years ago. But between Swedish gymnastics and stage-dancing in Greek costumes the ladies of Europe may yet be saved. For the dances, they may thank America, as America may thank Sweden for the free gymnastics practised in American schools for fifty years. The book is valuable for the varied information contained in it, and for its genuine high spirit and good temper. Henry Holt and Co.

The ancient, and oft-told, story of the wild French nobleman who killed his wife's paramour in a lonesome wood, then had his heart roasted for her to eat at the supper table, has been revised, softened, poetized by William Lindsey in "*Red Wine of Roussillon*," and a beautiful thing the poet has made of it at that. The lover is a retainer of the lord, who has gone to the Crusades and been, supposedly, killed. Guilhem supposes the Count dead—knows that he seized the lady at her bridal altar and married her against her will—recalls that the Count is a systematic drunkard; and feels free to woo the widow. But he does not confess his love until the very day of the Count's return. Years have intervened, when he could have told; but he did not. So there's only a kiss or two for repentance to weep over; but Guilhem decides that he must allow the Count, stiff after prison, to slay him in the wood because of that kiss. Then the lady suspects before she eats and—jumps into the sea. Mr. Lindsey has certainly robbed the tale of passion; but his profound knowledge of troubadour France, his wit and humor, his thrilling blank verse, his interwoven songs, amply repay the perusal of the poem. It has distinction, fineness and beauty. Houghton Mifflin Co.